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DRAWING-ROOM CHARADES.

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DRAWING-ROOM CHARADES,

For Acting.

BY

C. WARREN ADAMS, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "RANDAL VAUGHAN," &c.

London:

T. C. NEWBY, PUBLISHER,

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PREFACE.

It may, perhaps, not be out of place to accompany the following Charades with a few suggestions as to their representation.

The first point in all amateur performances is, that the actors should be thoroughly perfect in the words of their parts. An amateur has rarely the stage tact and self-possession necessary for availing himself, to any extent, of the prompter's assistance; and if imperfect in his part, not only falters himself, but puts out his companions. An excellent and amusing method of securing this perfection, will be found in rapid rehearsals, with and without book, seated round the fireside; the object being to run through the Charade in the shortest possible time—every mistake, in words or cues, being subject to a forfeit, which may afterwards be disposed of in the usual manner.

The business of the piece should be the next consideration, and should be the principal object in rehearsals—the chief use of which is, to enable the actors to work together, and in the manner best adapted to set off the play.

The stage can scarcely be too broad or too shallow. The former affords plenty of room to move about; while the latter forces the actors to come within hearing distance of the audience—the invariable propensity of amateurs being to get as far away from them as possible. Depth of stage is only wanted for spectacle. For the rest:—If a raised stage be used, it should incline downwards, towards the foot-lights; and if scenery be employed, each wing should be run on to the stage a little more than that in front of it.

Amateurs should be especially careful as to their cues; and also to speak much more slowly and articulately than is customary in mere conversation. It is useful in the concluding rehearsals to place some one at the point farthest from the stage, with instructions remorselessly to stop the performance at every word which is not distinctly heard.

I trust that these hints may not be thought superfluous; and will only add, that I am indebted for two of the following Charades to the pen of a friend.

C. W. A.

9, *Hyde Park Street.*

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R.—Right. C.—Centre. L.—Left. U.—Upper.
E.—Entrance. F.—Flat. P. S.—Prompter's Side.
O. P.—Opposite Prompter.

N.B,—The *First Entrance* is that nearest the foot-lights.
The *Upper Entrance* is that farthest from them.

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THE MEDLEY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FIRST SYLLABLE.

PROFESSOR MESMER.
MR. NODDLE.

SECOND SYLLABLE.

MAJOR POLYGLOTT.
DR. DULDRUM, Ph.D.
MR. SIMPLE.
QUACO.
LADY DI. BLUE-BELL.
MISS AZURE.
SIR T. & LADY BOREALL, MISS SIMPER, COL. [STIFF, & MRS. EASY.

THE WHOLE WORD.

PRINCE AMORET.
BARON PUMPOLINO.
COUNT DANDINO.
COUNT FOPPOBELLO.
BELLMAN.
LORDS IN WAITING.
DISTAFFINA. }
DORABELLA. } Pumpoline's Daughters.
CINDERELLA. }
GODMOTHER.
THREE LADIES IN WAITING, ATTENDANTS, &c.

PROLOGUE.

Ladies and gentlemen,—(for so 'tis right
To preface all remarks to ears polite,)
Ladies and gentlemen,—ere yet shall rise,
The mystic curtain to your wond'ring eyes,
The poet prays that you'll bestow your patience,
On a few prefatory observations.
Before by waving thrice his magic wand,
He straight transports you all to fairy land,
He warns you, there that laughter reigns imperious,
And that 'tis deemed high treason to be serious.
Then let us have no laboured panegyrics—
No sighs—no tears—no faintings—no hysterics—
But all who fear the Elfin King's displeasure,
Laugh with good will, and stint not for the measure!
That so the folk may say of us hereafter
"If not much wit, at least there was much laughter."

(Going—stops and returns.)

Stay, one word more—'tis well that ye should know it,
Which more concerns the actors than the poet.
Should you deny the force of every hit,
And rather doubt the brightness of the wit—
The which (I am sure I speak in all civility)
Is not an absolute impossibility—
For pity's sake don't crush completely flat us—
But if you can't laugh *with* us, don't laugh *at* us.

THE MEDLEY.

FIRST SYLLABLE.

SCENE.

(A lecture room.—Table with phrenological bust, water-bottle, glass, and wax lights.—MR. NODDLE *seated L.—In front* PROFESSOR MESMER *seated.—He rises.)*

MESMER.

LADIES and gentlemen, the subject of this evening's lecture is the science of phrenology; or as it may more popularly be denominated, the philosophy of Bumps. That this is a science rapidly rising into notoriety and favour with the British Public, the single fact of the numerous railway accidents with which our newspapers are daily enlivened, is sufficient to show. Railway Companies indeed may not unfairly be regarded as Phrenological Societies;

their object apparently being to raise the greatest possible number of bumps on any given number of heads, thereby developing mental qualities which would otherwise in all likelihood remain latent. Thus for example let us suppose a violent concussion to take place on the Great Western Railway, whereby my head is brought into sudden and sharp contact with that of any of the present company—the result will be such as to justify the above remark. For whereas there might have been no point of similarity between us previously, the bump of "sympathy" would be strongly stimulated. It is also probable that the bump of "language" would be called into sudden and decided action; and if either of us should chance to be railway directors, it is even possible that the bumps of "time," "order," and "respect for life and property," might be developed; all which organs as is notorious, are at present entirely wanting in heads belonging to the class of persons above mentioned.

But although it is only of late years that public

attention has been called to this invaluable science, the principles which regulate it have been long in general practice. Schoolmasters in particular, have long availed themselves of its truths; as is proved by the custom so frequently resorted to in schools, of rapping small boys on the head with a ruler or the knuckles of the hand, when they are idle or troublesome. The practice, it is true, has been attributed to a desire to rule by the ignoble instruments of fear or pain; or occasionally to a trifling irritation of temper on the part of the schoolmaster, But this is a mistake. Such inflictions are only made with a view of raising bumps on the head, to counterbalance the undue development of those which had caused the pupil to commit the fault calling for correction. I can well remember that when I was a small boy myself, the writing-master at the academy where I was brought up, used to tap me pretty frequently on the head with his ruler when he saw me inattentive; and there was gene-

rally a tolerably large tumour or bump on the cranium afterwards. I used, I remember, to attribute my increased attention after such treatment, to the unpleasant sensation created by the sharp application of the ruler, and to a natural desire to avoid its repetition. But I now know this to have been but the shallow reasoning of a boy, and that the true cause of my better application was that the bump of "adhesiveness" had been stimulated with action; whence it happened that I for the time "stuck close to my work." Something of the same idea may be traced in the elegant phrase of "not caring a rap" for a person. This saying has not, I apprehend, any connection with money; but implies that the organ of veneration being small by nature, and not assisted by art, the respect does not exist, which would otherwise be entertained. In proof of the truth of this theory, I may mention that—when my boy a few months ago, though fit to make use of the above mentioned unseemly phrase, on occasion of

my reproving him for laughing during my lecture—that I felt bound to administer a sharp stimulus to the pericranium—

(Noddle rubs his head.)

which process instantly developed the desired organ, for on my asking him whether the application had been sufficient, as, if not, it would be desirable to increase the stimulus; he assured me it had been quite sufficient, and that he no longer felt the slightest disposition to laugh.

This anecdote brings me to the more immediate object of my lecture, which is not so much to theorize, as to exhibit the results of mesmeric phrenology on the person of the subject before you. Look at him ladies and gentlemen! Is he not an intellectual looking youth?

(Noddle looks stupid.)

He was, I assure you, when I first took him in hand a most ordinary looking bumpkin. (By the way I should explain that that word "bumpkin" is used scientifically, on the *lucus a non lucendo*

principle, to denote the absence of phrenological organs from the head.) But to resume, he was as ordinary a bumpkin as you could see. His head was as smooth as a new-laid egg, whereas now owing to my treatment he has become as bumptious a youth as you wish to see, and his head as full of bumps as a potato!

(Noddle again rubs his head.)

His birth and parentage are such as to fit him in a remarkable degree for a phrenological subject. The cerebral system of his father developed "acquisitiveness" so largely, as to lead him to appropriate any articles which might fall in his way, such as watches, rings, purses, but especially pocket-handkerchiefs, to an amazing extent. It would have been an interesting case for a phrenologist, but I regret to add that the Government, who have, unfortunately, very low and unscientific views of these subjects, caused this remarkable individual to be expatriated to the Colonies a few years since; where he is still at the present time residing.

Such was the father of my subject. It is remarkable that he should possess so little of the great qualities of his parent. Nevertheless such is the case, and although under the influence of mesmerism the organs of "acquisitiveness" and "secretiveness" may be developed, he is naturally not much under the control of either. I shall now proceed to exhibit the effects of mesmeric power on the various bumps with which his head is most prominently marked. These are "music," "memory," "veneration," and "destructiveness."

First as regards "music." I should premise that the boy has naturally neither ear nor voice for music; and yet, under the influence I am about to bring to bear on him, you will hear him sing in the most perfect time and tune, any song that may be suggested to him. For example let us select the fine old ballad of "John Anderson my jo." Observe, ladies and gentlemen, when I apply the small end of the rod, the mesmeric power is communicated; and when I apply the broad end, it is withdrawn.

(Touches Noddle, who sings the first two verses of "John Anderson my Jo" to the tune of Jim Crow. Mesmer touches him with the broad end, when he stops.)

There, ladies and gentlemen, is not that wonderful? How it would have delighted the composer, if he could have heard his idea done such justice to!

The second organ I propose to deal with, is "memory." Here too it is right to mention, that the subject has, naturally, little or no memory. Thus of a morning he almost invariably forgets the right hour for getting up; and in general loses all recollection of any orders given him, especially such as are likely to cause him any trouble: recollecting nothing, in fact, but the hours of breakfast, dinner, and supper; on which subjects, strange to say, his memory is perfect. But in this, as in many other things, the exception is the strongest proof of the rule. Such is the natural state of the subject as regards memory: but stimulated by mesmeric agency he will repeat with accuracy any composition suggested to him, though he may only once have read it through. Now this morning in passing down

the street, I observed him looking at the window of a music shop, and reading the beautiful song called "The fine old English Gentleman." He had never seen it before; yet you will hear him recite it with perfect accuracy.

(Touches Noddle, who recites.)

I'll sing you a good old song—about pikes and guns and bows,
Of a fine old English Gentleman—that had a fine old nose.
And who dressed up his old mansion—in doublet and trunk hose,
With a good old porter at his gate—who had stood some stout old blows!

His hall so old was hung about—with the old poor at at his gate!
And swords and shields and bucklers—and many a good old pate.
'Twas there his worship used to sit—till he was in a state,
And quaffed his cup of good old sack—at a bountiful good rate!

(Mesmer touches Noddle, who stops.)

There, that will do, sir. I have no doubt, ladies and gentlemen, if you wish for a second specimen,

that he can repeat the copies he had to write for his master a day or two ago.

(Touches Noddle, who again recites.)

Half a loaf is—as good as a feast!
And enough is—better than no bread."
A guilty conscience is—a continual feast!
While a contented mind is—its own tormentor.
Evil communications are—worth two in the bush!
But a bird in the hand—corrupts good manners.

(Mesmer touches Noddle, who stops.)

Very well, sir. I think, gentlemen, that is quite enough to illustrate the excellence and accuracy of the organ of memory.

We will now proceed to the organ of "veneration." Here again it is proper to premise, that this organ is naturally very defective. When he first came under my hands, I distinctly remember his intimating to me that he regarded mesmerism as an imposture—"a humbug," I fear, was the precise word he used—and myself as deficient in judgement alike and knowledge; in fact, to use his own language—"an old fool." But now observe the change!

(Touches Noddle, who jumps up, makes a face at Mesmer, shakes his fist at him, and applies his fingers and thumb to his nose. Mesmer again touches him, when he resumes his seat.)

I—I fear—I must have—I must have touched the wrong organ inadvertently.—But—it is of no consequence, as I am about to proceed to the great organ for which his head is remarkable—"destructiveness": there is no fear of failure in this instance, but I am always careful to touch the organ in question very carefully and slightly; as the consequences of stimulating it too strongly might be serious. You will take notice that in his normal state he is remarkable rather for mildness than anything else. Indeed, I think no one would look at him without pronouncing him to be a remarkably mild youth! Note then the surprising difference of the subject under mesmeric influence!

(Touches Noddle under the ear, as gently as possible, and standing at a great distance. Noddle starts up, pursues the Professor round the table, smashes the bust, throws the chair to the end of the stage, and upsets the table, falling over it, Mesmer touches him while on the ground; upon which he lies still.)

After all my care, ladies and gentlemen, I have mesmerized this organ too strongly. My pupil has in consequence, as you see, broken my head! and I know it is useless to ask for another in this house, for they have all been turned for the last fortnight. So I am compelled to close my lecture rather abruptly, and wish you all good night!

[*The curtain falls.*]

SECOND SYLLABLE.

SCENE.

(*A Drawing-room prepared for an Evening Party.*—LADY DI. BLUE-BELL *seated.*—QUACO *attending.*)

LADY DI. BLUE-BELL.

Quaco!

QUACO.

'Iss my lady.

LADY DI.

Be sure you don't bring in the coffee and refreshments, until Major Polyglott arrives. And, Quaco, mind you offer everything to him first. And, Quaco, always make a low bow to him, when you offer him anything. And, Quaco, if you see him looking about for anything, leave whatever you may be doing immediately, and attend to him.

QUACO (*At the end of every sentence.*)

'Iss, my lady!

(*Successive knocks. Quaco announces Sir Thomas and Lady Boreall, Mr. Simple, Dr. Duldrum, Col. Stiff, & Mrs. Easy.*)

LADY DI.

How do you do, Sir Thomas—how do you do, Lady Boreall. Dr. Duldrum, this is most kind! good evening, Colonel, good evening, Mrs. Easy. Ah, Mr. Simple, I did not see you! Let me present you to Dr. Duldrum, the celebrated writer on physics—*the* great physical philosopher of the day—

DR. DULDRUM.

My dear madam—

LADY DI.

Nay Doctor it is so, you well know. Let me commend to your notice Mr. Simple, a young but devoted student, who has the profoundest respect for men of science.

(*Turns away, and converses with Sir T. Boreall.*)

MR. SIMPLE.

Oh dear, sir, I am so glad to meet you. I have

so long been anxious to meet a gentleman of your profession. I wish you would be so good as to tell me—

DR. DULDRUM (*bowing.*)

Anything within the sphere of my humble knowledge, I am sure.

MR. SIMPLE (*laying his hand on his stomach.*)

Thank you, sir. Well, I am often troubled with a very peculiar pain in the region of the stomach! Could you tell me—

DR. DULDRUM.

Pain in the stomach, sir! Do you take me for an apothecary?

MR. SIMPLE.

Oh no, I knew you were a Doctor! a physical Doctor, Lady Di said, did not she?

DR. DULDRUM.

Really sir, I cannot suppose you mean to insult me, but you must excuse my pursuing the subject further.

(*Goes to the back of the stage, followed by Mr. Simple.*)

(*More knocks. Quaco announces Miss Simper and Miss Penelope Azure.*)

LADY DI.

How do you do, Miss Simper. Ah my sweet Penelope, how charmed I am to see you! I was afraid from your note that you would not be able to come to me!

MISS AZURE.

Why, Lady Di, there was a little embarrassment; but as I heard you had secured Major Polyglott, the great traveller whom all the world is talking of, I could not rest until I had made arrangements which would enable me to come.

LADY DI.

Oh hush, hush Penelope! I am not at all sure that the Major will be here to-night. His engagements are always so numerous, and his time so fully occupied, that he can never be depended on. So I have not given my guests a hint about his coming, for fear of disappointment.

(*A long and loud knock. Quaco announces "Massa Major Pollygo." All the company rise from their seats.*)

LADY DI.

Ah! the delighful creature! [*Enter Polyglott.*]

Ah! my dear Major, I am *so* proud and *so* happy. I have been *so* anxious about you. I was *so* afraid that some tiresome business—

POLYGLOTT.

Why really, Lady Di., there has been a difficulty. Hem! I may say a considerable difficulty. Such a mass of engagements! all of the last importance! In fact, I could not have managed it for any lady in London but yourself. Why, this very afternoon I have had to answer a long letter from the Secretary of State for the Foreign Department, on the expediency of establishing a British Consul at Timbuctoo. I have received a deputation from the Philo-Missabib-Indian Society, respecting the establishment of free trade with the Savage Tribes on the Alleghany river. I have had to lionize two native Otaheitan chiefs, from whom I received civilities whilst on a visit to Qeeen Pomare. And I have had a most interesting interview with the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the present state of political economy among the Calmuck Tartars!

LADY DI.

Ah! but then, Major, think of the universal respect—the unbounded admiration—

POLYGLOTT.

Now *there*, my dear madam, you quite mistake me. It is the most painful thing in the world to me to be stared at. People *will* bring one forward so—will make a show of one. Perhaps it is natural under the circumstances; perhaps, indeed, it is unavoidable. But it is distressing—it is painful in the extreme. Now, if you'll only allow me to make the acquaintance of the company, and will not trouble yourself about me at all—

(*Turns away and enters into conversation with Miss Azure. Qnaco carries about refreshments.*)

DR. DULDRUM (*coming forward.*)

Lady Di. Blue-bell, I beg in the name of the company generally to entreat that you will recite the beautiful little poem you wrote on—

LADY DI.

Oh! pray now—do be quiet!—you really must not!—before such a company! it is impossible! quite impossible!

DR. DULDRUM.

My dear Lady Di., it is positively the most exquisitely Wordsworthian production; *so* simple—

so natural—*so* in keeping with all that is amiable in our nature!

LADY DI.

Oh! do not speak of it, pray!—I could not.—I should die of shame! (*aside*) I see I must make haste, or not a soul will be listening.—(*aloud*) Well, if the company insist, I suppose I must. The poem was written, ladies and gentlemen, on seeing my sweet little Osman throwing some pebbles into a pond. It is, as you will perceive, of the Wordsworth school. (*recites.*)

"I saw my little Osman by the brook,
"Flinging some stones therein with vacant look,
"Then, said I, ''prithee, tell me, little fool,
"Why do you throw the stones into the pool?'
"Softly he raised his eyes of tender blue;—
"'Because, Mamma, I've nothing else to do!'"

ALL.

Admirable! exquisite!

POLYGLOTT (*aside.*)

Not a soul attending to me!

LADY DI.

Now, really, you put one to the blush.

DR. DULDRUM.

Do tell the company what Wordsworth himself said, when it was shewn him.

LADY DI.

Oh! pray spare me!

ALL THE COMPANY (*Except Polyglott.*)

Oh! do tell us!

POLYGLOTT (*aside.*)

Not a soul attending to me!—a plague on the woman's silly stuff!

LADY DI.

Well, if you will have it—he did not say much. He only said, "I would not advise the authoress ever to attempt anything more ; for, depend upon it, she never *can* write anything better"! But there is the Major, looking like a thunderstorm, because no one is attending to him.

(*Miss Azure whispers Lady Di., who approaches Polyglott.*) Major!

POLYGLOTT (*sulkily.*)

I—I am afraid, I must be going, Lady Di.—I—I—have an engagement elsewhere.

LADY DI.

Oh dear! Major, you would not be so cruel! Here is Miss Azure who has begged me to ask you, as your opinion would be decisive on the subject; what you think of the influence which women exercise on society?

POLYGLOTT.

A most profound—a most important—a most overwhelming question! One too, which, without vanity, I think I am qualified to answer. I have seen man in all lands—the brown Hindoo, the red Indian, the black Negro—the Esquimaux with a mouth full of blubber—the Bottecudo with a button thro' his lip—the Abyssinian with a ring in his nose—and the Maori tattooed like a kitchen strainer! Everywhere,—North, South, East, and West—savage or civilized,—everywhere, everywhere—there were women! I feel sure that without women, men would get on very indifferently—nay, I almost doubt if they could exist at all!! Anyhow, I can affirm one fact. In the course of my travels over the face of the globe, I have seen many countries in which there was a scarcity of birds—some in which there was a paucity of beasts—nay, some in which there was an utter

dearth of reptiles—but Lady Di., I have no hesitation in saying—and, believe me, I do not speak inconsiderately, that I never once saw an inhabited country, in which there were no women!!!

LADY DI.

How enchanting! oh how I wish I had a pencil to take down every word!

MISS AZURE.

So delightful to have the question so clearly and satisfactorily settled!

DR. DULDRUM.

Sir, your sentiments do you honour; but pray, Major, as you know the East well, can you tell us, what the Easterns in general think of us English—as an intellectual and scientific people, I mean?

POLYGLOTT.

Hem! Why, Doctor, I think I *can* tell you a litttle anecdote, which will satisfy your curiosity on that head. I remember, when I was in the East, where I was, as you know, hem! a person of some importance—I remember making a morning call on the Grand Lama of Thibet, with whom

I had a most intimate acquaintance; and who appreciated, hem! 'genius in an Englishman, more than some Englishmen do.—"Lama," says I, (for we were on most friendly terms)—"Lama," says I "tell me, what is your opinion of English science and English intellect?" "My dear Polyglott," says the Lama—

MR. SIMPLE (*advancing.*)

What, can the Llamas in India speak? The one at the Zoological Gardens will do nothing but spit at you! I thought—

POLYGLOTT (*in a rage.*)

Really, Lady Di. Blue-bell, I—I—I must wish good evening—I positively cannot—did you ever hear such an interruption—such disgraceful, inconceivable ignorance? (*to Simple,*) Did you, really suppose, sir, that the Grand Lama of Thibet was a sheep?—good evening, Lady Di., I positively cannot remain a moment longer. Abominable! insufferable!! intolerable!!!

(*Exit the Major, talking to himself.*)

ALL THE COMPANY, (*except Simple.*)

Oh dear, how unfortunate!

MISS AZURE.

What a cruel disappointment!

LADY DI.

Mr. Simple, how can you be so tiresome?

MR. SIMPLE.

I really did not mean any harm—I did not know any better.

LADY DI.

Then you ought to have known better, Sir! Your folly has been the means of breaking up a society, which was, I may say, unparallelled. You have deprived us of the presence of a luminary, such as we may not again, any of us, see the like of. I am more than half afraid he will never give me the honour of his presence again! Good evening ladies and gentlemen, I am really so distressed and overcome by this sad catastrophe, that I cannot entertain you any longer! Quaco, call up the carriages, and put out the lights. (*exit.*)

(*The curtain falls.*)

THE WHOLE WORD.

SCENE.

(*The Ball-room in Prince Amoret's Palace. The* PRINCE, COUNTS DANDINO *and* FOPPOBELLO, DISTAFFINA, DORABELLA, CINDERELLA, LORDS, *and* LADIES *polking. The* PRINCE *dancing with* CINDERELLA. *During the dance the following Song is sung.*)

Song of the Hour.

(*air 'Dusseldorf polka.'*)

CHORUS.

Trip it lightly, youth and maiden!
Nimble feet, and spirits gay.
Youth is fleet, and joy is fading—
Take your pleasure while you may!

SINGLE VOICE.

Swift the hours of night are waning,
Soon will sound the midnight chime!
Youth, the cup of pleasure draining,
Little heeds the flight of time.

CHORUS.

Trip it lightly—nought of sorrow,
Mars the joy to-night we feel,
Who shall answer for the morrow,
Or the griefs it may reveal?

SINGLE VOICE.

Hark! the quarter chimes awaking,
Hark! the hour's departing knell—
On the midnight stillness breaking
Sounds the deep-toned Castle bell!

CHORUS.

Trip it lightly, youth and maiden!
Nimble feet and spirits gay,
Youth is fleet, and—

(*The clock strikes as the chorus begins. At the third stroke Cinderella shrieks, and rushes out at the back of the stage, leaving her slipper on the ground. Enter Pumpolino, front.*)

PRINCE. (*distractedly.*)

She's gone—she's vanished! oh I faint! I die!
Oh fatal haste! oh wherefore did she fly?
Ha, thou our Premier—Pumpolino hight—
Why ran you not to intercept her flight?

PUMPOLINO.

So please your Highness I had reasons ten,
(*Connting on his fingers.*)

First I'm too old to run at all—and then—

PRINCE.

Peace, dotard, peace—prat'st thou to me of reason!

PUMPOLINO.

Most true your Grace—'Twas rather out of season!

PRINCE.

Let dotards reason, nought of bliss who taste!
Was it not bliss to clasp her dainty waist?
To press her hand—to catch her balmy sigh—
To gaze into the depths of her blue eye,
Trembling 'twixt trustful love and maiden shyness?
Was it not bliss?

PUMPOLINO. (*bowing.*)

Oh! certainly, your Highness.

PRINCE.

And oh! if this were bliss—was it not pain,
Once having met, to lose her thus again?
To miss her speaking glance—her step so merry—
Was it not pain?

(*Seizing Pumpolino's hand.*)

PUMPOLINO. (*blowing his fingers.*)

Oh! very painful, very!

PRINCE.

Talk not of reason—Ha! what see we there?

(*Sees the slipper, and takes it up.*)

A dear memorial of my vanished fair!
Welcome sweet relic to my loving kiss,
Ah Pumpolino! tell me what is this?

PUMPOLINO.

Most royal Monarch—from this point of view—
It seems to me to be—a lady's shoe!

PRINCE.

You goose! (*to Dandino*) Dandino, hark to our command,
Despatch our Heralds through this spacious land—
Bid them proclaim, that whosoe'er shall put
This fairy slipper on her tiny foot—
Though all our kingdom should the choice deride,
Shall be this day her Prince's chosen bride!
Why stays the fool?

DANDINO.

I only thought, the lady
Might—chance to have—a husband, Sire, already!

PRINCE.

Why then we will—to save her husband sorrow—
Hang him to-day, and marry her to-morrow!
Shall subjects keep a wife when Monarchs want her?

DANDINO.

I'll send the crier with his bell *instanter*!

PRINCE.

Baron, my brain's distraught, it gets distraughter—
I burn—

PUMPOLINO.

Attendants, quick, a pail of water!

PRINCE.

Not all the fount of Lethe (could you find it)
Would quench my love—

PUMPOLINO. (*after reflection.*)

In that case, never mind it!
(*Aside.*) He says he *burns*—his words I somewhat
To me, at least, he rather seems *put out*. [doubt;

Song.—POPPOBELLO.

(Air "Lucy Neal.")

SOLO.

The Princess hath departed,
Oh! whither hath she flown?
Whilst leading off the fourteenth dance,
She left the Prince alone!

CHORUS.

Oh this unknown fair,
Oh this fair unknown!
Our great Prince's great despair,
Might move a heart of stone!

SOLO.

She was fairer than the fairest,
Who grac'd our Prince's ball;
Would she had either never come,
Or stay'd for good and all!

CHORUS.

Oh this unknown fair,
Oh this fair unknown,
Our great Prince's great despair,
Might move a heart of stone!

(During the song the Prince stands in an attitude of despair.)

PRINCE.

A step! she comes!—it is my heart's desire!
It is—it is—

PUMPOLINO.

Your Highness, the Town Crier!

(Enter Bellman, ringing a bell; and exit Prince, stopping his ears, the Court follow.)

BELLMAN.

Oyez, oyez, oyez—let none forget
The gracious pleasure of Prince Amoret.
Whereas a lady of surpassing mien,
The fairest lady that was ever seen,
In coach and six, with footmen stout and tall,
Came uninvited to the Prince's ball,
And danc'd, in spite of all her maiden shyness,
Three mortal hours the polka with his Highness.—
Whereas her wondrous beauty would amaze ye,—
Whereas her dancing drove his Highness crazy.—
Whereas, while he of love alone was thinking.
The clock struck twelve, and she was off like winking!
Ran up the street, outstripp'd each mortal homo,
Tripp'd up the Page, and dodg'd the Major Domo!—
Whereas, she left a slipper here behind her,
Whereby alone there is a chance to find her.—

Whereas, in fact, the long and short about her,
Is, that the Prince can't and won't live without her—
I here proclaim, that "whosoever can put
"This fairy slipper on her tiny foot,
"Maid, wife, or widow, whatsoe'er betide,
"Shall be this day our Prince's chosen bride."
Observe this all, on peril of your necks,
Given at our Court of Pearl-land.—*Vivat Rex.*

(*Exit.—Enter Pumpolino, Distaffina, and Dorabella.*)

DORABELLA.

My gracious parent!

DISTAFFINA.

Oh my honoured Pa!
Ah! you remember our deceased Mamma!
She had the smallest foot in all the land,
And—I'm her daughter—hem! you understand!

DORABELLA.

You Distaffina!—well, upon my word,
I'm really pain'd to see you so absurd:
Your foot indeed—it might perhaps be pretty
Ten years ago!

DISTAFFINA.

—Oh madam you are witty!
But your's was *never* pretty, Miss, I fear!

DORABELLA.

Now don't be spiteful, Distaffina dear!

DISTAFFINA.

Well now if ever—

PUMPOLINO.

Hush! my daughters twain,
You both shall try, and not, I hope, in vain.
But where's your sister?

DISTAFFINA.

Gracious, Dorabella,
Papa is asking for poor Cinderella!

DORABELLA.

Ha! ha! we left her sitting in the cinder,
Flint in one hand, and in the other—tinder.
And ogling aye with looks of fond desire
A muffin toasting by the kitchen fire!

PUMPOLINO.

Well, go and fetch her—'tis our Prince's fiat,
That all the ladies thro' the land should try it.
And if some lady don't contrive to win O!
By hook or crook, my name's not Pumpolino.

(*Re-enter the Court.—Dorabella following with Cinderella in her kitchen dress.—Dandino brings forward the slipper on a stool. The Prince stands with his arms folded, looking on.—SONG—Foppobello.*)

(*Air "Tekeli."*)

Come ye flower of the kingdom's fair!
Haste, ye maidens, oh haste this way!
Here's a lottery rich and rare,
Here's a crown to be won to-day!

Be ye young, old, or tall, or short, or dumpy, grave, or gay,
With eyes of blue, black, or brown, or hazel, green, or grey!

CHORUS.

Come ye, &c.

Be she sullen, or be she sweet,
Blonde, or rosy, or soft brunette—
Let her only stand upon tiny feet,
And a queen she'll be ere the Sun shall set!

Be ye, &c.

CHORUS.

Be she, &c.

DANDINO.

Come ladies, come—a kingdom is the prize,
You first (*to first lady*) sweet maiden with the spark-
[ling eyes.
(*First lady sits down and tries the slipper, but without success*)
Hold madam, hold—all idle your surprise is—
Your foot's too large by two good honest sizes!
Next you, fair damsel,

[*To second lady—she tries it.*]

—blessed were I indeed,
More blessed this kingdom, if you should succeed!
Most blessed the Prince!—stay, madam not so fast,
Your foot is even larger than the last!
Now you, bright lady,

[*To third lady—she tries it.*]

—ah! that royal mien
Proclaims aloud that this must be our queen!
Smile not, I pray,—Dandino never flatters,—
Odds, madam, stop, you'll tear the shoe to tatters!
Now Dorabella—

[*To Dorabella, who tries very hard to get it on.*]

—happy is thy lot
My Prince!—it fits, or rather—it does *not*!
'Tis no use tugging ma'am!

PUMPOLINO.

My daughter dear,
Hark thee, a word, my Dolly, in thine ear,
List—for I see you'll never get it on—
A father's counsel—let the shoe alone!

[*Dorabella throws down the shoe.*]

DANDINO.

And now the lovely Distaffina—(*she tries it*)

DORABELLA.

—la!
They need not try poor Distaffina, Pa!
'Tis all in vain, she never can succeed,
Her foot is very—***very*** large indeed!

[*Distaffina throws the slipper to the end of the stage.*]

There, so I told you—now then for a fuss!

DISTAFFINA. [*starting up.*]

You envious, spiteful, cross, malicious puss!

DANDINO. (*picking up the slipper.*)

Since all have tried, and all without success,
'Twere best to take the shoe away, I guess.

PRINCE. [*coming forward.*]

Nay, here is one who pass'd the trial by,
And shrank retiring from the public eye,
Come forth, fair maid; oh! surely nought of evil
Could harbour here!

CINDERELLA. *(curtseying.)*

Oh, Sir, you're vastly civil!

PRINCE.

Oh! were it only for that eye of blue,
Success I'd wish thee—

CINDERELLA.

Sir, the same to you.

PUMPOLINO.

Come hither Cinderella—don't be dash'd,
Observe *my* ease—

CINDERELLA.

Oh Pa, I'm abash'd!

PRINCE.

I'm all impatience—will they ne'er begin?
Fairest of mortal maids, go in and win!

DANDINO.

Come lady, come!—not idly princes bid.

DISTAFFINA.

Well, did you ever? (*aside to Dorabella.*)

DORABELLA.

No, I never did!

DANDINO.

Assume the seat, our Prince's destined bride,
Soon on thy foot the fateful shoe shall glide.

[*Cinderella sits down, and immediately puts on the slipper.*]

And on it glides, as easy as a glove!
Oh! what a wondrous shoeing-horn is love!

PRINCE.

It fits—it fits! oh most ecstatic minute!

ALL THE LADIES.

Oh fye! oh fye! there must be witchcraft in it!

PUMPOLINO.

So, while we thought that there would be no suiting it,
My youngest daughter's been and put her foot in it!

CINDERELLA.

In me, great Prince, altho' I'm such a fright,
You see the Princess of the yester-night,
Strange tho' the tale, let none presume to mock it,
I have the fellow slipper in my pocket.

[*Cinderella produces the slipper.—All stand in astonishment. Enter the Godmother, who touches Cinderella with her wand; her kitchen dress changes to a magnificent robe.*]

GODMOTHER.

Good people all, who stand in mute surprise,
With hands uplifted, and lack lustre eyes,
And gape at me as if you saw a spectre—
Behold in me this humble maid's protector!
I, her good fairy, ever from her birth,
Have been the guardian of her humble worth.
My leisure hours I've sedulously spent
In teaching every fit accomplishment.
In short, good Sir, (*to the Baron.*)
Such clever things I've taught her,
No creature would believe she was *your* daughter!
Last night I robed her in a gown of satin,
(The dress she had I would not keep a cat in,)
I chang'd her rags, all smoke begrim'd and tarr'd,
To Brussels lace at £50 the yard;

Two slippers on her tiny feet I fix,
Call from the nearest stand a coach and six,
Then to be prudent I did her admonish,
And sent her here the natives to astonish.
So now your hand, my Prince, and your's my fair,
I never saw a better suited pair.
But since for joy we're all fit to prance,
What can be better than a merry dance.
So, Prince, lead off—Musicians, don't be idle,
Strike up a waltz, and let it be the 'bridal.'

[*After the dance, as the curtain is falling, the Godmother comes forward.*]

—o—

EPILOGUE.

GODMOTHER.

But gracious! hold a moment,—ere we jog,
Some one stand forth and speak the epilogue.
The epilogue, I say—will none begin it?
Nay, then I'll send you some one in a minute.

[*Exit—a pause—enter Mesmer.*]

MESMER.

Good, patient audience, for a moment more,
Your unexampled patience I implore,
The fairy bade me come without delay
To speak the epilogue—

POLYGLOTT. (*behind.*)

Stay Doctor, stay,
(*Enters hastily.*)
You say the fairy sent you—she did *not*,
No man was e'er preferr'd to Polyglott.
Talk not to me your egotistic stuff,
I'm Major Polyglott, and that's enough.
He ne'er has yielded—nor will yield I wager—

CINDERELLA. (*entering.*)

Always excepting to a lady, Major.
I've come to speak the epilogue, and so
Both may as well at once your claims forego.
As for your argument I can't attend to it—
Speak it I must and will, and there's an end to it!

MESMER.

Madam, e'en ladies must give way to science,

POLYGLOTT.

Madam, I'll not be talked into compliance!
Man, child, or woman, I alike defy,
To speak it I'm resolved—

MESMER.

And I—

CINDERELLA.

And I—

MESMER.

Well, since no other way before us lies,
Permit me to propose a compromise.
Let me first say my say, then (*to Polyglott*) you succeed,
Then you, good madam, (*to Cinderella*)

POLYGLOTT.

Oh! agreed.

CINDERELLA.

Agreed.

MESMER. (*advancing.*)

Then to begin—but hold—what shall I say! (*pausing,*
Oh! it shall tell the meaning of our play.

Shall be, good friends, if so I may express it,
" For the benefit of those who may not guess it."
Come then, declare THE WORD of our Charade.
Do you give it up?—oh that indeed is sad!
Is there amongst you such a wondrous gull,
But must surmise my first to be a A SCULL?

POLYGLOTT. (*advancing.*)

And to proceed, I cannot here espy one
Who does not see my second is—A LION.

CINDERELLA. (*advancing.*)

And to conclude—his wit must jog most dully on,
Who cannot guess my whole to be—A SCULLION.

FINIS.

NINA DI FAVORELLI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARCHESE DI FAVORELLI.

LORENZO, (*A Young Roue.*)

PEDRO.
CARLO.
ANDREA. } (*Friends of Lorenzo.*)

PEPPINO, (*A Bandit under the name of Lucio.*)

BEPPO, (*A Young Bandit.*)

FRANCESCO, (*A Page.*)

NINA, (*Daughter of Marchese.*)

ELLA, (*Sister to Nina.*)

ABBESS.

GENTLEMEN, ROBBERS, SOLDIERS, NUNS, &c., &c.

SCENE—Padua, and the Environs.

NINA DI FAVORELLI.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Street in Padua. Daybreak. Shouts of laughter heard within. Then enter LORENZO, PEPPINO, CARLO, ANDREA, PEDRO, *and others.*

ALL
Ha! Ha!

CAR.
A glorious jest.

AN.
What's next toward?

PEP.
Nay, 'tis too late for any frolic more:
Day breaks apace. 'Till jovial night returns
'Twere best disperse,—Farewell—

ALL
Farewell! (*exeunt, R.*)

PEP.

For me,
I'll walk with you Lorenzo. I've a word
To whisper in your ear.

LOR.

A word with me!
What would you?

PEP.

I am thought to have some skill
In reading faces.—There is that in thine
Should mark thee worthy of more noble things,
Than these mad school-boy pranks.

LOR.

Good Lucio,
You judge me but with justice.

PEP.

I have watch'd thee,
The first in danger, and the last in flight,
And foremost ever, when our hand was raised
In Freedom's cause.

LOR.

I worship her!

PEP.

And I,
And with a kindred few, who rather choose
A cavern than a prison; range yon hills;
Free kings of the wild forest.

LOR.

'Twere a life
Worth living for.

PEP.

'Twere worth a thousand lives,
Shadowed by prison walls.—Join us, Lorenzo—
Trust me we'll show thee sport in the wild wood
Thou'lt scarce find here in Padua.

LOR.

By my faith!
And yet—and yet—

PEP.

We'll roam the teeming woods,
Then, as day breaks, beneath some shelt'ring oak,
We'll spread our light-won feast, and wine, and song,
And torch-light dance, wile the dark hours away.
We have bright eyes, Lorenzo, in our camp;
And coral lips, whose sweets reward the brave
With no cold duty kisses. We are free!
FREE SWORD!—FREE LIFE!—FREE LOVE!

LOR.

I'the name of heaven
Who art thou?

PEP.

I am called—Peppino.

LOR.

How?
The bandit chief!

PEP.

Fear'st thou the robber's name?—
Trace back the bead-roll of your ancestors—
Who are most honor'd? Look upon your shield—
Whence come its proudest bearings?—Your broad [lands—
Who won them?—what their titles? The strong arm
And conqu'ring sword. Fright silly girls with names.
We live as they.—We war upon the strong,
The pamper'd, and the proud,—and, sword in hand,
Wring back by force, what force from weakness wrung;
Or fraud beguiled from trust. 'Tis a bold game!
We strike for life or death—a noble one!
For freedom's on the stroke! Be ours—

LOR.

I cannot,
My faith is pledged.

PEP.

To whom?

LOR.

To one whose chain
Were dearer than the freedom of the skies.
I love, Peppino. Heaven knows how oft,
What has been folly, might have grown to crime,
But for that love. And now to join with thee,
In open breach of every human law,
Were to renounce all hope.

PEP.

Tut, man—renounce!
Carry her with thee to our forest home—
Per Bacco! we have merry maids enow
To bear her company.

LOR.

Out on thee—villain!—
This insult must have blood.

PEP.

Your pardon!—nay
I did but jest.

LOR.

Death! Sir, to link her name
With that of thy vile crew.—

PEP.

Once more—your pardon,
'Twas spoken ill; but in our forests rough,
We too, grow rugged.—We are friends?

LOR.

Enough,
My hand upon't.

PEP.

And comrades?

LOR.

No, Peppino.
I have been wild and reckless, and my life
Is stain'd with many a folly—many a fault:—
So be it. Yet one hope is left me still.—

PEP.

And what if it should fail?

LOR.

It shall *not* fail,
I will not,—dare not,—think it. Fare thee well!
I go to learn my fate. (*Exit.*)

PEP.

Farewell.—So—so,
The bird is in the springe. 'Tis but to spread
The lightest rumour of last nights' exploits,
And the pale lady moon shall be his bride,
Ere the chaste Dian yonder.—*He is mine!*
Now to make all secure. (*Exit.*)

SCENE II.

A Room in the Villa Favorelli. Window C., with Italian view. Sunset. Harp R., tables, &c. NINA *at window L.C., and* ELLA.

ELL.

What a glorious sunset, Nina. See how the sky glows behind yonder forest of dark pines. Is it not lovely?

NIN.

Most beautiful.

ELL.

You are sad, Nina. Are you not well?

NIN.

Yes, yes, my love. Sing to me again, dear Ella; your sweet voice is in such harmony with that lovely sky. I could welnigh fancy that its hues were indeed those of heaven.

Song.—ELLA.

When the golden sun is sinking
In the crimson sky,
Sister! what should we be thinking—
You and I?
Thinking joy must ever borrow,
Half its tints from cloudy sorrow,
Hoping for a fair to-morrow,
You and I?

When the evening shades are stealing,
And the sun-tints die,
Sister! what should be our feeling
You and I?
That the darkling shades of even,
Are to earth in mercy given,
To point us brighter worlds in heaven,
You and I?

(*During the song Nina continues watching the sunset with increasing sadness. At the close of the last verse she hides her face in her hands.*)

ELL. (*Running to her.*)
Nina! Nina! you will make me cry too.

NIN. (*with an effort.*)
Forgive me. It was a foolish weakness; but sunset always makes me sad.

ELL.
Then you shall not watch it.—Ah! what is this?
(*enter Francesco with Proclamation.*)

FRAN.
Oh! Lady Nina—Lady Ella! such news.

NIN. (*anxiously*)
News?

FRAN.

The town has been so quiet of late—

NIN.

Yes—yes—(*aside.*) How my heart beats.

FRAN.

Last night there were such awful doings. Here is the Proclamation. They know all the rioters, and Signor Lorenzo—

NIN. (*starting up and coming forward hastily, R. C.*)

Lorenzo!

ELL. (*following her.*)

Nina! Nina! why are you so pale? speak! speak!

NIN.

Leave me Ella—leave me—You too, Francesco, I would be alone, go—go.—Stay, (*to Fran.*) quick—the paper—give it me.

(*exeunt Ella and Francesco, L.*)

Oh! Heaven!
I cannot. Ah! Lorenzo, didst thou love me
Thou couldst not torture thus. What sorrow now?
What folly to deplore? What crime to weep?
What new raised barrier to my fainting hope?
I sicken at the thought. (*opens paper and reads.*)
Outlawed!—Proscribed!
Lorenzo, Oh! Lorenzo!

(*enter Lorenzo.*)

LOR.

I am here,

NIN.
Here, here! Oh madness!

LOR.
Nina! sweet life! look up.
Oh I have caused thee many a bitter tear,
Dimming thy pure life with my folly's gloom;
Making thy love thy sorrow—Nina, dearest!
It shall be so no more. My youthful follies
I'll lay aside—quit all my olden haunts—
Break with my comrades, and in Austrian blood
Wipe out the memory of the lawless past,
So thou wilt but be mine

NIN.
Too late—

LOR.
Too late!
Thou has not ceased to love me? On my knee
I pray thee answer me. What mean these tears?
That hidden face—this hand that yields to mine
Yet gives no answering pressure? Speak I charge thee!
Art thou too, *false*?

NIN.
No, no—

LOR.
Oh! pardon, pardon—
I knew not what I said. Thou lov'st me still,
And Heaven has yet a star. Why do you shrink?

NIN.
My father! (*enter Marchese.*)

LOR.

Here!

MAR.

Now by my sword, Sir *Outlaw*,
This passes bearing.

(*Peppino appears at window C., and continues watching the speakers.*)

LOR.

My lord, what means this insult?

MAR.

Insult to thee!—Nay, sir, my old sword crosses
But with unsullied blades.

LOR.

My lord—

MAR.

Away!

NIN.

Nay father, hear him.

MAR.

Speak, sir; and begone.

LOR.

My lord, I will be calm. I murmur not
At barriers, for my own past folly raised
Against my love, 'twas well and wisely done
Of those who loved and guarded her.

MAR. (*ironically,*)

I thank you,
Most humbly, noble sir, for your good word.

LOR.

It was most just. Yet in my wildest hours
That love, denied, beamed yet a beacon star
To warn my wandering feet. Beamed ever brighter
As time lent strength, till its triumphant ray,
Dispelled the darkness of my truant steps
And lights my homeward road. My lord, have [mercy.
Quench not that light; it is the only ray
Of hope upon my path. Be merciful,
And Heaven so help me at my utmost need
As I requite your trust.

MAR. (*bitterly.*)

Thou hast spoken well,
And eloquently. It may serve thy turn
Better hereafter. For thine answer now,
Know I would rather see my daughter lie
Here at my feet, struck dead by mine own hand,
Than link her to an outlaw. Aye, by Heaven!
Rather—

LOR.

My lord, I know not what you mean.

MAR.

'Tis false—'tis trumpeted in every street—
Posted on every gate—proclaimed aloud,
From every altar—passed from hand to hand
Through the whole gaping city—death, sir; read—

(*Giving the Proclamation.*)

LOR.

Betrayed!!!— (*A pause; then to Marchese.*)

My lord, I am a desperate man.
Beneath my feet yawns an abyss of crime
And but one thread to hold by. Have a care—
If that thread break—I may not fall alone—
Once more I ask for mercy.

MAR.

No, Sir, no.
I love this trembling child better than thou,
And more than her, I love the stainless name,
An outlaw's breath would sully. Come, my girl—
And you, Sir, if you hold your freedom dear,
Get quickly hence.

LOR. My lord—

MAR. No more, I say,
You have your answer—*No.*

(*Exeunt Mar. and Nina; as they leave the stage, Peppino enters through the window, and stealthily approaches Lorenzo.*)

LOR. The die is cast,
The forfeit must be paid—all lost!—all dead!
No love—no light—no hope—all—all—despair—
So be it,—and the sin upon his head
Who took away the hope. Now good Peppino—
Good bandit!—robber!—*outlaw*! wert thou near
To tempt me now,

PEP. (*laying his hand on his shoulder.*)
Wouldst thou still answer—NO?

END OF ACT I.

ACT THE SECOND.

—o—

SCENE I.

Room as in Act 1, *Scene* 2.
NINA *on couch, R.,* FRANCESCO *seated, C., reading.*

NIN.
Enough Francesco, thanks.—The lady Abbess,
When comes she hither?

FRAN.
Half an hour before,
Ave Maria, lady.

NIN.
It is well,
Till then I'd be alone. *(exit F.)* Two little years—
Measured by time not sorrow—And I sat
Watching the sunset tints brighten and fade
As now on yonder hills—and dreaming then
Of days of coming happiness, was sad

With undefined foreboding. Now I gaze
From the same casement where hope fluttered there
And gaze upon despair. *He* wanders there
With his fierce band, there on that fair hill-side
Deepening in tender purple—He, the robber,
The outlawed captain of a desperate crew
He, for whose felon-head they offer gold,
He whom I love—Oh mother, gentle mother!
Look down upon thy child.

(enter Francesco, L.)

FRAN.

The lady Abbess,
Awaits you, madam.

(exit—enter Abbess, L.)

ABB.

I am here, my child
In answer to thy summons,

NIN.

Thanks, good mother,
For your kind speed.

ABB.

It is my more than duty
My joy, and privilege, to offer help
To such as need. Daughter, thy sacred grief
I have known and pitied long—speak freely then,
'Tis in a mother's ear

NIN.

Thanks for that word.
They only know how soothingly it falls
On hearts like mine—who in a like despair,

Have welnigh learned to couple grief and love
As fruit and flower, for ever.

ABB.

Not so my child.
Grief rather prunes the useless buds away
That one pure blossom, still absorbing strength
From every sacrifice of present beauty
May bloom the lovelier, and in ripening time
Yield more abundant fruit.

NIN.

Such is my hope—
Yet mother, it is hard to turn away
From all that made the sunshine of our life
To loveless, hopeless gloom—to bend the thoughts
From the one, only, love-traced path they know,
To rend the very fibres of the heart
And pluck away the intertwined love
From every bleeding wound.

ABB.

Most hard, most bitter,
Yet answer me—This love—such grief to lose,
Has it then given happiness?

NIN.

Oh, no—
Heaven knows 'twas torture. Every summer wind
Breathing from off the sunny Apennines
Came cold with news of death. No trumpet sounded
But to my ear it heralded the doom
Of felon, on Lorenzo—through the night

My heart was wandering with him in the wilds
Hunted like wolves, or if perchance I slept
My very dreams but pictured wilder horrors,
And fiends would hurl him from my powerless grasp
Down to perdition—till shrieking I awoke
To thank my God there yet was pain to come.

ABB.

Be calm, be calm my child. Thou poor fond heart.
Hark to the words of peace. Struggle no more
Against the crosses laid upon thee here;
Only hereafter, to adorn thy crown.
Quit this forbidden love—leave thy vain hopes,
And in the cloister's calm and holy shades,
Peace shall return at last. Daughter—I speak
From out a heart that once was tost, as thine,
With earthly passion—and tell thee that, as now
The gloom of vice has darkened love's bright day,
So in the seeming twilight of the cloister
That gloom shall melt beneath the rays divine
Of virtue and submission; till death's night
End all in peace.

NIN.

Mother, it shall be so.
I can pray for him still. (*sinks back on her pillow.*)

ABB. Amen.

(*enter Ella, L.*)

ELL.

My sister—
Oh! Heaven—she is dead—

NIN. (*faintly.*)

Not so dear Ella,
Better and happier now. Where is my father?

ELL.

He waits without.

Go, call him to me, love.
I would speak with him. (*enter Marchese.*)

MAR.

My poor suffering Nina,
My heart bleeds for thee.

NIN.

Nay, dear father, nay,
Shed no more tears for me.
Come near, dear friends,
And speed me with your blessings. Fare ye well!
Nay, start not father—weep not, sister mine—
It is but for a while—it is not death
Severs us yet, though death itself is brief
To us who look beyond. No—I but seek
For rest and peace beneath the sheltering veil
That shrouds us but from sorrow. Thou, my father,
Back to thy country—for she needs thine aid;
And thou sweet Ella

ELL. (*passionately.*) Nina! Nina!

NIN. Hush!

Dost thou not hear them call?

(*The chant of the "Ave Maria" is heard in the distance. Tableau. Scene closes.*

SCENE II.

The forest of the Appennines.—Entrance, L. to the Robber's cave. BEPPO *on watch.*

BEP.
Who goes there?

LOR. *(within)*
Lorenzo. *(enter Lorenzo.)*

BEP.
Fair night, my Captain.

LOR.
So, my brave Beppo. I have an errand for thee—thy maiden enterprize—art thou ready?

BEP.
And eager, Captain.

LOR
Then hasten to the great stone pine; a horseman will pass, almost as soon as you can reach your post. He has despatches which I must see.—Is your eye true?

BEP. *(hesitatingly.)*
Aye—Captain.

LOR.
Bring me those papers. Remember—his horse is swift. You understand me?

BEP.
Must I slay him?

LOR.
Dead men tell no tales.

BEP.
But—

LOR.
Death! art afeard?—Away sir, time runs short,
I'll guard your post—away. (*exit Beppo, R.*)
These papers mine,
We yet are safe awhile.—His eye is true—
I've seen him strike the wild dove on the wing,
So his hand be but steady—Pshaw! if he blench,
He is no fitting comrade for our band.
Yet, the first angry shot, and in cold blood,
It was too great a risk—Hark!
(*a pause—then a distant shot.*)
Tell that but truly,
And he is ours for ever.—No retreat—
That blood has written bandit on his brow,
And floods the path behind him. Fell remorse
Leaves no half finished work—Oh! 'tis a drug
That were a healing medicine, rightly mixed,—
Alone, a deadly poison. 'Tis a spectre,
Whose living eyes look'd peace—now fixed in death,
They glare ye into madness—a fall'n angel
With heaven's power, and hell's malignity;
Who tortures only that he may *not* save.
Remorse! 'Tis the repentance of Despair.
To faint with hunger, and to loathe your food—
To quench a raging thirst with draughts of fire—

To view each hideous phantom of the night
With eyes no light can pierce.—To loathe your [guilt,—
And, loathing, plunge in its foul depths again.
As I do now. (*re-enter Bep.*) The papers, (*taking them.*)
[what! dost tremble
To see them spotted thus?

BEP.

It was his blood;
They say such stains cannot be charmed away.

LOR.

Never believe them boy. The rich red wine
Brings all to their own colour. In, boy,—in
Thou hast earned a rousing flagon.
(*exeunt into cavern.*)

SCENE III.

Interior of the Cave. Torchlight. Bandits grouped about the stage; some gambling, others drinking, &c.

FIRST BAN. (*throwing dice.*)
Sixes!—The game,

SECOND BAN.

A foul throw!—A foul throw!

FIRST BAN.

'Tis false. Pay me the stake.

SECOND BAN.
I will not.

FIRST BAN.
Death! I will have it. [*they struggle—enter Lorenzo.*]

LOR.
Hold! what is the quarrel now?—Hold I say,—or I will brain ye both.

SECOND BAN.
He cogged the dice.

FIRST BAN.
'Tis false.

SECOND BAN.
I swear it.

FIRST BAN.
And I.

LOR.
So, oath for oath. Give me the stake. Carlo, the bag. Ye will share it with the rest. Are ye content? How say ye comrades, (*to the others*) is it just?

ALL
Most just.—Bravo!—Viva il Capitano!

LOR. [*enter Peppino*]
What news from Padua?

PEP.

Great news! a daughter of some noble house—I could not learn the name—is, tomorrow, to take the veil of a novice at the holy grotto. The procession will be magnificent. Such a prize comes not twice in a life-time.

ALL

Hurrah! Hurrah!

LOR.

We will intercept it. You, Martino, to Gran Cane. Let him join us at the cross roads. Beppo, you to Frederico—bid him lure off the troops towards Rovigo. Peppino, look you to the bribing of the escort. I will reconnoitre the ground The rest keep close. Good night. [*exit*)

ALL.

Good night. Hurrah!!!

END OF ACT II.

ACT THE THIRD.

—o—

SCENE I.

A road through the forest. PEPPINO *and* BANDITTI *grouped about the stage. Enter* LORENZO, C.

LOR.
Are all ready?

BAN.
All, Captain.

LOR.
The train approaches. You will find thick cover a few furlongs down the road. Carlo take thou the lead—Peppino remain here with me—When you hear my bugle rush out upon them—Away.

[*exeunt Banditti*, 2.E.L.]

[*Lorenzo and Peppino conceal themselves, R.—enter*, U.E.R. *Nina, in the garb of a novice, Ella, the Abbess, the Marchese, Nuns, Priests, Monks, &c., with escort of Soldiers. They pass in procession, chanting solemnly, and go off*, 2.*E.L.*— *Lorenzo and Peppino remain concealed, watching the procession. At the sight of Nina, the former starts as if about to spring to her, but is restrained by Peppino. When the procession has left the stage, he comes forward hastily, C.*

LOR.
'Tis she!

PEP.
The Favorelli.

LOR.
Villain! thou knew'st it,
And tricked me to this crime. She shall go free.

PEP.
She shall not.

LOR.
Shall not!

PEP.
No.

LOR.
Death! sir, am I,
Or thou, the captain here?

PEP.
Thou, for when time
And prowess, proved thee worthier the lead
I yielded to thee and our band rejoiced
To serve so brave a leader. Yet bethink thee
At such a moment—Every lust inflamed
The prey within their grasp—Hast thou the power
To hold them back?

LOR.
True, true—

PEP.
Thy life were forfeit,

And she for whom the sacrifice was made
Would be the common spoil—

LOR.

Avenging Heaven!
This is too horrible—

PEP.

Thou dar'st not pause
Strike—and she yet is saved, for she will fall
To thee of right as leader. Take her, flee
Across the Austrian frontier, with the wealth
This day will give thee, and thy dreaded name
Thou wilt find welcome there

LOR.

It must be so—
And she shall yet be mine [*sounds bugle.*]
Now Heaven have mercy.

PEP. [*mounting rock, L., and looking off.*]
'Tis answered. Ha! they break their cover now
And rush upon them—See the escort flies
[*sounds of distant combat heard.*]
Some still resist—now they are overpowered,
The prize is ours—Carlo has seized the novice
And bears her hither
[*descending and coming down, R., to Lorenzo.*]
Dost thou hear? success!
What fear'st thou man?

LOR.

Now passion speed my tongue
With words of eloquence

(*Enter Brigands, 2, E.L., dragging in Nina, Ella, and Abbess*)

NIN.

Help! help!

LOR.

Unhand her!

[*They release Nina, still retaining their hold of Ella and the Abbess. With a sudden impulse of joy Nina flings herself into Lorenzo's arms.*]

NIN.

Lorenzo! Oh thank Heaven! Save me, save me.

LOR. (*tenderly.*)

Nina!

PEP.

Your pardon, *Captain*, shall we on?

NIN.

Captain—Lorenzo—thou! (*faints.*)

LOR.

Nina! look up
Help! help, (*to the Abbess*) She dies—

(*They release Ella and the Abbess, who rush to Nina's side. The Abbess supports her in her arms.*)

ABB. (*to Lorenzo.*)

Villain! 'tis thou hast slain her.

(*Ella kneels at Nina's side*, R. *Lorenzo moves a little apart and stands abstractedly*, R.C. *Peppino*, L., *watches the group with a scornful smile.*)

ELL.

Sister!

NIN. (*faintly.*)
Where am I—was it all a dream?
Methought I saw Lorenzo with the robbers—
Speak Ella—mother—speak

ABB.
Be calm, my child,

NIN. (*seeing Lorenzo.*)
Ah! true, all true, kind Heaven, let me die.

LOR.
Oh! hear me, Nina. In my deep despair,
Robbed of thy love—Bereft of every hope,
Outlawed and desperate, I joined a band
As desperate as I.—I am a brigand,
A midnight thief, a felon, murderer
Heap on me every epithet of crime,
But oh! remember, Nina, how I fell,
Think on my hopeless love, my wild despair
And have some pity on me. Give me back
The love that once I owed—Oh! be but mine
And night and day from thy pure lips I'll learn
The lesson of repentance—Nina, Nina!
My soul is in thy hands.

NIN.
It cannot be

LOR. (*passionately.*)
It must—It shall—(*throwing himself at her feet.*)
Nina, you love me?

NIN.
Aye,—too well—too well—

LOR.

Then wherefore—

NIN.

I am sworn
The bride of heaven.

LOR. (*springing on his feet.*)

Curse on the heartless vow!
Nina—beware—once more wilt thou be mine?

NIN.

Never.

LOR. (*drawing his dagger.*)

Then perish!—

NIN. (*solemnly.*)

Hold! and thank kind heaven
Who spares thee this last crime.

[*sinks back into the arms of the Abbess.*]

ELL.

Sister!

LOR. (*with a sudden revulsion of feeling.*)

Dead!—dead!
Nina, I follow thee—

(*Attempts to stab himself—Nina perceives his object, and with a last effort arrests his hand—then sinks to the ground,* R.)

NIN.

Lorenzo! Hold!
Come nearer to me—stoop, for I am faint,
And life is ebbing fast—give me thine hand—
I loved thee.—Aye! Lorenzo,—love thee still,
Wilt thou not strive to join me? (*pointing upward.*)

LOR.

Pardon!—pardon!

NIN.

Ask it of heaven.—Farewell! (*dies*)

FIRST BAN. (*looking off*, L.)

Ha! what is that?

PEP. (*springing on rock*, L.)

The soldiers.—We are lost—

FIRST BAN.

Ho! Captain—fly—

PEP.

He hears us not—away!

(*Exeunt Peppino and Brigands*, U.E.R., *Lorenzo remains kneeling by the body of Nina,—Ella on the other side of Nina, whose head is supported by the Abbess*, R.C. *Enter*, 2.E.L., *the Marchese followed by Soldiers.*

MAR.

Where is my child?
Pursue the villains!—Ha! Lorenzo here!
Seize on him.

(*Some of the Soldiers go off*, U.E.R., *in pursuit. The others advance*, L.)

LOR. (*rising and coming to Soldiers.*)

Sir, I am your prisoner.

MAR.

Where is my child? Dead! dead! Accursed [villain! (*to Lorenzo.*)
This is thy handywork—

LOR.

My life for hers—
A little while for penitence and prayer,
And death will be a boon.

ABB. (*placing Nina in Ella's arms and advancing to Marchese.*)

My lord,—take comfort,
The child you weep, has left a world of pain,
For one of rest and peace. We should rejoice,
Not mourn, for such a change—thinking of her,
Not as she was—but is—a saint in heaven.
NOVICE no more,—but versed in all the joy,
Knowledge, and peace eternal, of the sky.

FINIS.

THE MAESTRO'S DREAM.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GERMAIN, (*A Maestro.*)

RODOLPHE, (*His Son.*)

LOUISE, (*His Daughter.*)

ANTOINE, (*A Physician.*)

THE MAESTRO'S DREAM.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE.

Small room. Large screen at back, L. *Table,* L.C., *set out for breakfast.* LOUISE *putting last touches to its arrangement. Begins to hum an air, but breaks off.*

LOU.—No, I cannot sing, my heart is too sad. It is vain to con this letter again and again—and yet—

GER.—(*within.*) Louise! Louise!

LOU.—Hark! My father calls. (*enter Germain.*) Ah father!—how are you this morning?

GER.—Well, my child—well.

LOU.—I have been gathering fresh flowers for your table,—you love flowers?

GER.—Yes,—my child.

LOU.—And here is a nice bunch of water-cresses—and new bread—and see what nice butter Farmer Ambrose has sent us. It is so charming to be here in the fresh sweet country, after the close town.

GER.—Yes, my child.

LOU.—Ah poor father! you love the town, for there you can hear your dear music, and here, there is nothing but the birds—but they sing sweetly too, do they not, father?

GER.—Aye, aye.

LOU.—And every one is so kind to us here.

GER.—Yes, kind—very kind, (*aside*) all but my own son.

LOU.—You are sad, dear father, are you not well?

GER.—Aye, my child, well—well—

LOU.—You look so pale and weary, and you are eating nothing.

GER.—Yes, yes, I am eating: see.

LOU.—Nay, father, that is not eating—try some of this nice fresh water-cress.

GER.—I cannot eat.

LOU.—Father, what is the matter? you frighten me.

GER.—I will tell you, Louise.—Last night I went to rest—I fell asleep.

LOU.—Yes, yes, I saw you when I went to rest myself, you were sleeping so sweetly, and looked so young and well, and as I went away you lifted your hand, and moved it gently in the air, just as I have seen you do when you were composing your beautiful music.

GER.—Yes, yes,

LOU.—But why do you sigh?—you looked so happy.

GER.—Listen. I dreamed that I was once more at the head of my old orchestra; Oh! how they played. And I,—I was young again. Young! I was translated—inspired. The orchestra caught the inspiration from my eye. Oh heaven! it was music such as the angels sing.

LOU.—But why sigh, dear father, were you not happy?

GER.—I awoke, Louise, and then—

LOU.—Then—then—

GER.—It was gone—all gone, and I was a poor weak old man, once more.

LOU.—Poor father!

GER.—Aye, aye, poor old man.

LOU.—But can you not recal this beautiful air?

GER.—No, it is gone. I rose from my bed; I strove to recal it, in vain,—again I slept, and again the melody returned—I awoke—

LOU.—And then—

GER.—'Twas lost again—lost for ever.

LOU.—But why mourn so sadly? It was but an air.

GER.—An air—an air—child! child! What know you of these things? For what do I live, but for my art? and this—this would have given me fame—glory—immortality.

LOU.—But you will write other things, you will—

GER.—No, no, nothing like this. I lived for this. For sixty years I have watched and waited for it. I knew that it would come, and now—but why do I tell you of these things? you cahnot feel for them.

LOU.—But I can feel for you, dear father, what grieves you, grieves me always.

GER.—Yes, my child, yes, you are a good girl, Louise, but not—and he—he who could understand—he who could have followed me, and carried on my fame—he would not.

LOU.—Dear father,

GER.—A poor lone old man.

LOU.—Ah father! why should you be lonely—why not call him back?

GER.—Never, Louise, he—

LOU.—Nay, but hear me, father, he was so young then, he did not understand your feelings—he is sorry, indeed he is. Oh father! will you not forgive him?

GER.—Louise, I have heard you; let it be for the last time; hush, you have spoken. I love my art. I gave up all to follow it. It was my consolation—my hope—my joy. I won some fame—it was well. I had a son—it was well too. He had talents—great talents—greater perhaps than my own—it was best of all. But he would not use them—he despised my instructions—he despised me—his father, because I was a musician, and poor. Was this well, Louise? My art is sacred—I have given up all to it. They call me mad—perhaps I am mad. But, once for all, he who scoffs at my art shall be no son of mine. (*exit.*)

LOU.—My poor brother! Ah! it is in vain that I con over his letter to try and find *some* means of reconciliation. Night and day it is ever in my thoughts, yet nothing done. Well—well, I will con it over once more. (*exit*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE.

As in Act 1. *Enter* RODOLPHE, R., *as from a journey.*

RO.—Is all clear? I must be cautious. Yet they would scarce know me. No one appears to be within. Well, well, thank heaven once more at home, after so many years. My father, Oh! It is a hard price to pay for a youthful folly—Ha! It is Louise herself. (*enter Louise*, L.)

LOU.—Your pardon, sir, my father is unwell, and I—

RO.—Unwell—

LOU.—Yes. He had a restless night, he cannot see anyone.

RO.—But tell me, this illness, is it—is it—

LOU.—I trust it is not serious, but he is an old man now, and—

RO.—Yes, yes, an old man—

LOU.—You are agitated, sir, you—why—is it, can it be?

RO.—Louise—

LOU.—Rodolphe, brother— (*embrace*)

RO.—My sister, have we met at last!

LOU.—Oh! Rodolphe, I have so prayed to see you once more.

RO.—And yet you did not know me. Fie Louise!

LOU.—Nay, brother, I was so young when you went away.

RO.—True, I can see you now in your little white dress, as if you had been vowed. I used to call you our little angel then. Oh, Louise! I have thought often of our little angel in my long exile.

LOU.—Poor Rodolphe! It is hard—

RO.—No. I was very wrong. I was young and vain, and I despised my father; I am rightly punished.

LOU.—But you have repented.

RO.—Aye, every hour, more than that, I have done as he wished, I have studied music, for seven years I have worked night and day, and—

LOU.—Oh, Rodolphe, why have you not told me this?

RO.—I did not know. I feared that after all I might not have talent, and I waited till I could come to my father and say, I am a musician like yourself, will you not receive me now?

LOU.—And you have succeeded?

RO.—Yes. I have at last trusted myself to compose a piece, and it has won the Great Academy prize, see, here is the cross. (*taking decoration from his breast.*)

LOU.—Oh! Rodolphe! Rodolphe! I am so glad, so happy, he must forgive you now.

RO.—I hope so.

LOU.—Ah! yes, yes, he will be so happy too. But you must not see him yet. He is ill and harassed, and the surprise might injure him.

RO.—What is the matter?

LOU.—He has had a strange dream.

RO.—A dream!

LOU.—Yes. He dreamed of a beautiful air which he cannot now recal, and his heart is so set on remembering it, that he is worn to a shadow. Heavens! he is coming now.

RO.—I will go.

LOU.—Quick, quick—no it is too late, he is at the door, hide yourself here.

(*Rodolphe hides behind the screen, and watches the remainder of the scene. Enter Germain.*)

GER.—Oh! this air, this air—it haunts me like a spectre.

LOU.—Indeed you must take some rest, you will be ill.

GER.—I *am* ill. Give me my instrument.

LOU.—Here father, now sit in this easy chair and try to rest.

GER.—Sing to me, my child.

(She sings. He sinks to sleep, and as she ceases, he begins to play a mournful air. Rodolphe, who is making twards the door, R., *is arrested by the sound, and stands intently listening, then, as the sounds cease, waves his hand to Louise, and exit. Germain awakes.)*

GER.—There! there! I heard it then. I was playing it. No, no, it is in vain.

LOU.—Dear father.

END OF ACT II.

ACT THE THIRD.

LOUISE *and* ANTOINE.

LOU —And my poor father, how is he?

AN.—He is ill, Mademoiselle, very ill,

LOU.—Ill! oh, yes, yes, but tell me, what—is there any danger?

AN.—I trust not, Mademoiselle.

LOU.— But what is it?

AN.—He is an old man my poor young lady, and he is wedded to his art.

LOU.—Oh yes. It has been his one aim through life, and he has so struggled for fame.

AN.—And now his long life of excitement has worn his nerves, and he is no longer strong.

LOU.—Alas no! poor father.

AN.—This dream that he speaks of, it haunts and wearies him. It preys upon his mind that he cannot recal that fatal air.

LOU.—But what can we do?

AN.—I know not, medicine is vain, he will have no rest until he recalls it, and before long—

LOU.—Yes, yes—

AN.—I fear that his strength will be quite exhausted and he will—

LOU.—Die—Oh! no, no, not die.

AN.—Alas my poor child—

LOU.—No, no, say that he will not die, my poor father, and Rodolphe—

AN.—Rodolphe! Who is he?

LOU.—My brother, sir, he has been from us so long

AN.—Send for him at once he should be with his father now.

LOU.—Alas! I must not.

AN.—And wherefore?

LOU.—He will not see him. He was angered at his refusal to be a musician and he sent him away, and now he will not forgive him.

AN.—Indeed, this is very sad.

AN.—Oh! sir speak to my father, perhaps he will listen to you.

GER.—(*within*) Louise!

LOU.—Yes father. *(enter Germain.)*

GER.—Louise, where are you, I cannot rest, everywhere that air haunts me, and yet I cannot recall it. It is as if the very angels mocked me.

LOU.—Be calm, dear father, see, here is M. Antoine still.

AN.—You must indeed calm yourself.

GER.—Calm myself! calm, calm, how can I be ever calm again. Pshaw! calm, what know you of what I suffer. I tell you it would be fame, eternal fame. It is the last, I am an old man, an old, old, man.

LOU.—Yet still—

GER.—An old, old man, and lonely.

AN.—Nay you have your children,

GER.—Children! what children?

AN.—Your good daughter here,

GER.—Louise, yes, she is a good girl, she sings me to sleep with her little ballads, but what is that? she cannot talk to me in my own soul—music—an old, old, lonely man.

AN.—And your son, M. Germain.

GER.—Son, I have no son.

LOU.—Oh! father, Rodolphe!

GER.—Rodolphe, Rodolphe, I know the name. Yes, I had a son, but when, stay, stay, I am old and weak, my head wanders, where—

LOU.—Here father, here in France.

GER.—France, here, I will not see him, he mocks me, he mocks my art, take him away.

LOU.—Speak to him, M. Antoine.

AN.—Will you not see your son, sir, Rodolphe?

GER.—No, no, no, why do you weary me! I tell you he mocks me and my art, let me alone, let me die in peace.

LOU.—Not without blessing him, dear father?

GER.—You too, Louise, you mock me too, what would he care for the old musician's blessing, he laughs at, ha, ha, ha! he mocks, hush! I hear it now, no, no, 'tis gone, gone. Stay! who says the old man is doting now? You would have Rodolphe, the mocker, you would have him recalled to laugh at the fond old man, when he cannot recall that fatal air, so be it, ha, ha, ha, I will forgive him!

LOU.—Forgive him!

AN.—Yes, when—

LOU.—Yes father,—yes.—

GER.—When he shall play to me that air.

LOU.—Oh, father!

AN.—Hush! hark!

(The air is played behind the scenes; at the second bar Germain starts up.)

GER.—'Tis there, 'tis there, oh heaven!

(The air continues.—Germain waves his hands in beating time—at the conclusion he bursts into tears.—Enter Rodolphe, R., with a roll of music paper.)

LOU.—Father, father, look up!

GER.—Oh! 'tis the divine melody of my dream, where? where?

RO.—Here, here, on this scroll, see note for note.

(Germain snatches the paper from his hand,—scans it eagerly—waving his hand to the tune.)

RO.—Is it not true?

GER.—True, yes, yes, every note, and you, who are you?

GER.—Do you not know me?

RO.—Know you, stay, I have seen, no, no, it cannot be.

RO.—Father.

GER.—Father, my son, Rodolphe!

RO.—Yes, father, your son once more.

GER.—My son, no, no, away, you will mock!

RO.—No father, never again, nay hear me, here at your feet I implore your forgiveness for the past. I too, am a Maestro now.

GER.—A Maestro! you—

RO.—Yes, I have studied, toiled, see, (*showing the cross.*) the token of my success, will you forgive me now?

GER.—My son, my son!—(*embrace*)

RO.—(*addressing the audience.*)

All ends in harmony, and as we CON
Our judges faces now our trial's done,
Fain would we hope some sympathetic CHO RD
May its soft music of applause award,
Till with our critics e'en as in our play
All hostile sounds in CONCORD melt away.

CURTAIN.

PARLEZ VOUS FRANCAIS ?

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR CHARLES CARELESS.

ARTHUR.

LE CAPITAINE ALPHONSE.

MR. SMITH.

SERAPHINE.

SCENE in Paris—an Hotel.

PARLEZ VOUS FRANCAIS?

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE

Hotel in Paris—a room furnished in the English style.

SIR CHARLES, *solus, seated in an easy chair, asleep. L.*

SIR C.—(*waking.*) Heigho! I am almost bored to death since I came into this stupid property (*yawns.*) That aunt of mine was a wise woman. Try, she always used to say; but since I *succeeded*, I have never been able to *try* any more (*yawns.*) (*enter Arthur, U. E. R.*) What, Arthur! You are just in time to save me from dying of ennui! (*Arthur sighs melo-dramatically.*) Heigho—why you don't seem much brighter than I am. (*Arthur sighs again.*) Egad! now I think of it, I did hear something of a tremendous flirtation, at Interlachen—crossed in love! Eh! (*Arthur sighs again.*) You don't mean to say there's anything in it?

AR.—(*solemnly.*) Charles!

SIR C.—Well.

AR.—(*mysteriously.*) I—I—I am in love!

SIR C.—You don't say so.

AR.—I do though—scorched, consumed, burnt up. I shall do something desperate before long.

SIR C.—Ha, ha—won't she have you?

AR.—She—she adores me—she—

SIR C.—Oh! it's papa, then?

AR.—Worse. Guardian—stupid old fogey with his humph—humph. Is'nt it too bad?

SIR C.—A great deal—what is it?

AR.—We met at Interlachen; we were at the Belle Vue; we danced together *five times* the very first night; of course we—we—

SIR C.—Set up a flirtation.

AR.—Flirtation!—love, love, love. Now what does that old—old—

SIR C.—(*laughing.*) Fogey!

AR.—Charles, you trifle with my feelings. He orders us off—he forbids our dancing—says she can't marry without her guardian's consent—bother her guardian!

SIR C.—Did he say that?

AR.—Nonsense. *I* say that; and then he mumbled something about some French Officer coming from Algiers! Bother Algiers!—bother the French officer!—bother everything!

SIR C.—He is going to marry your friend?

AR.—Oh! I suppose so. What else should he come from Algiers for? Very well—*very well.* (*feeling the muscles of his arm,*) Let him—just let him—and if I don't— (*sparring.*)

SIR C.—Run off with her!

AR.—I can't get at her.

SIR C.—Try.

AR.—I can't get to speak to her.

SIR C.—Try.

AR.—Try. Have'nt I tried—did'nt I get a bucket of something horrid over me one night under her window; and was'nt I taken up for attempting burglary. Ha, it's very well to laugh, but I shall certainly do something desperate!

SIR C.—Capital! I'd like to help you for the fun of it.

AR.—Will you? Hurrah!

SIR C.—Gently!—I said I should *like*—

AR.—Don't think of denying yourself such a laudable gratification!

SIR C.—But—

AR.—Don't apologise! You like it—you have my free permission to do just—*as* you like. Now, I have an idea.

SIR C.—You don't say so!

AR.—Don't be impertinent. Now look here, Charles, this is the last day, for that precious African is expected to-day, and if once he comes, there's an end of me.

SIR C.—Rather.

AR.—You can speak French.

SIR C.—Not a word. I've forgotten it all since I have been able to pay a courier to speak it for me.

AR.—Oh, nonsense! Try! Old what's-his-name can't speak a word—don't know this man by sight. Go instead of him—humbug the old fogey. Arrange everything with my darling Seraphine—to-night we'll be off together.

SIR C.—Impossible.

AR.—Not a bit—try.

SIR C.—The exertion would be frightful. I could never—

AR.—Try, try, try.

SIR C.—Upon my word you are a very cool young gentleman!

AR.—Quite the reverse—I am boiling over with impatience.

SIR C.—Well, I—

AR.—There, go along; I'll wait till you come back.

SIR C.—Patiently?

AR.—I'll TRY.

END OF ACT I.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE.

Another room in the Hotel, furnished in the French style—Parquetrie floor. Stove at back of stage. Table C. *Mr. Smith seated* R. *of table.*

MR. S. — (*rising.*) Humph! humph! — a very pretty thing, a young puss of fifteen falling in love without my leave. Humph! humph!—hates everything French does she. They're a fine nation. Humph!—a very fine nation. I admire everything French. (*slips.*) Drat these horrid floors! Humph! I admire—Oh! lord, I've burnt my hand against that stupid stove. Oh! phew, phew! (*blows his fingers.*) (*Enter Sir Charles, dressed in caricature as a French Officer, with a huge beard, &c.*)

SIR C.—Bon jour, monsieur — vous parlez français?

MR. S.—Eh! Humph!

SIR C. — Permettez que je me presente, monsieur—le Capitaine Alphonse!

MR. S.—Captain Alphonse! All right—stop a minute. (*going to side.*) Here Finie, Finie! (*calling.*)

SIR. C.—(*aside.*) Now for it! (*enter Seraphine.*)

SER. — Well, papa, — Oh! that dreadful Frenchman!

MR. S.—My dear, this is the Captain! There, Mounseer; permettey—a humph!—my daughter, Sir—humph! humph!

SIR C.—Mademoiselle, je vous demande mille pardons, mais vous parlez français, n'est ce pas?

SER.—Oui monsieur—that is—no, sir, not at all. (*aside.*) I won't speak to him!

SIR C.—Soyez tranquille, je suis votre ami.

SER.—Monsieur!

SIR C.—Prends garde donc, je suis ton ami, je te dis, je suis ami de ton Arthur.

SER.—(*aside.*) Arthur! (*aloud.*) Qui etes vous donc?

SIR C.—Son camarade d'école, Charles—Eh! oui. (*laughing.*) Charles Sans Souci.

MR. S.—(*aside.*) Humph! They seem very friendly. (*aloud.*) Well, my dear, what does he say?

SIR C.—(*speaking very fast, and apparently addressing Smith.*) Prends garde petite. Dis lui que je ne dis rien, que je ne fais que des compliments, fais lui sortir, j'ai des choses tres importantes à vous dire.

MR. S.—Certainly, sir. What does he say, my dear?

SER.—Oh! papa; he says—he says—

SIR C.—(*as before*) Oui—oui, dis lui ce que j'ai dis, que j'ai besoin de causer avec vous—dis lui—

MR. S.—Humph ! exactly, so—well, my dear, well ? Umph ! umph !

SER.—He wants to speak to me, in private, papa.

MR. S.—Humph !—sharp work that. Say I can't permit—

SIR C.—(*as before*) Fais dèl opposition, petite, dis que tu n'en veux pas.

SER.—Oh ! don't let him, papa !

MR. S.—Humph ! Why not child ? (*to Sir C.*) Certainly, sir, if you desire it. It don't matter much, for I don't understand a word you say.

SIR C.—(*drily*) Ah ! c'est dommage, n'est ce pas ?

MR. S.—Exactly sir ; good morning, Umph ! rather odd, too. (*Exit* L.)

SIR C.—That is all right. Now excuse me my dear Miss—h'm—but our time is short. My name, as I told you, is— (*waiter announces Le Capitaine Alphonse*)

SIR C.—Caught, by Jupiter !

SER.—What ever shall we do ?

SIR C.—I must get rid of him somehow. Off with you ; here he comes !

(*Exit Seraphine*, L. *Enter Alphonse*, R.)

ALP.—Pardon monsieur. (*aside*) Eh ! quel monstre ! (*aloud*) Est ce que M. Smees demeure ici monsieur ?

SIR C.—Je crois que non, monsieur.

ALP.—Ah! your pardon sare; you air Angleesh n'est ce pas?

SIR C.—Qu' avez vous donc Monsieur, est ce que vous voulez m'insulter?

ALP.—Plait il Monsieur?

SIR C.—*(slowly and angrily.)* M. Smee ne demeure pas ici monsieur. c'est bien simple, je crois. *(enter Smith.)* Oh! the deuce! It's all up now.

MR. S.—Humph! humph! What's all this?

ALP.—(*aside.*) Diable! (*to Smith.*) Your name ees Smees?

MR. S. Certainly; and yours?

ALP.—Le Capitaine Alphonse!

MR. S.—Alphonse! Why, *that's* Alphonse!

ALP.—Alphonse! lui! Sacre mille tonneres! il est Anglais—Engleesh.

MR. S.—English!

SIR C.—Anglais! veux tu m'insultez *Coquin*?

ALP. — Coquin! Coquin! diable! Allons monsieur—allons—sortons!

SIR C.—Sortons!—sortons! (*exeunt* R, *squabbling*)

MR. S.—Humph!—humph! I say—Hallo! What the dickens—

SONG—Mr. S.

AIR—"Fly not yet,"—*with double bass accompaniment.*

Humph!—This is a pretty go!
Humph!—Who's who, I'd like to know?
Humph!—How shall I solve my doubts?
Humph!—They'll be cutting each other's throats!
Humph!—HUMPH! *(exit, running* R.*)*

END OF ACT II.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE.

Same as Act I. Arthur seated, waiting.

ARTHUR.—Heigho! Charley is a long time gone. Hallo! (*noise heard.*) What is that? Gad!—there's a row! (*enter Charles and Alphonse, quarrelling.*) Why, Charles, Charles, what is up?

SIR C.—Up! Why the game is up altogether, I think. This gentleman—

ALP.—Dees gentlemans, corbleu monsieur! dees gentlemans—vous m'avez insulté. Je vous attends toujours monsieur. Allons—sortons!—que diable faites vous ici? Est ce qu'on peut se battre ici par exemple?

SIR C.—Allow me to explain, monsieur?

ALP.—Eh! Explain! *Sacristi!* Oui—avec un coup de pistolet, je crois. Ecoutez moi monsieur—je suis coquin. n'est ce pas? vous me l'avez dit. Allons monsieur, sortons! nous perdons le temps.

SIR C.—Arthur, explain to this—

ALP.—Eh! You are not Angleesh—you speak not Angleesh! Je vous insulte quand je vous appelle Angleesh! Eh! sortons monsieur—sortons! diable! Est ce que vous etes poltron?

SIR C.—Poltron! Pshaw! Here, Arthur, explain any way you please, for by Jove I am used up. (*throws himself into a chair, and pulls off wig and beard.*)

ALP.—Mais mille canons! Eh! (*starting.*) que diable! Est il possible? Toi! mais non—mais oui—mais—Charles! tu ne me connais pas?

SIR. C.—Charles! Really I am afraid you have the advantage.

ALP.—Avantage! Qu'est ce que c'est que cet avantage? You not remember Toulouse!—you not remember Alphonse de Poivre!

SIR. C.—What! Little Pepper Castor! By Jove, old fellow, I am delighted! (*aside.*) Gad! though, this rather complicates matters.

ALP.—How this is charming then. Mais j'avais oublié, vous m'avez insulté, il faut que nous nous battons malgrè ça!

SIR C.—Not a bit of it—I'll apologise to any extent. This young gentleman fancies himself desperately in love—

AR.—Fancies himself!

SIR C.—Desperately in love with the young lady you are to marry!

ALP.—I—I am to marry—young lady?—morbleu! I have already a wife.

AR.—You have a wife?

ALP.—Je pense que oui, par exemple!

SIR C.—Then yon are not engaged to this Miss Smith?

ALP.—Mademoiselle Smees. Ha! Ha! Engaged—Eh! Je commence à comprendre—lisez mon ami. *(gives papers.)*

SIR C.—Why how is this?—Smith, De Poivre joint GUARDIANS—death of Gaston de Poivre.—Why he's her guardian, not her lover! Oh! you precious young noodle. *(door opens suddenly, and Smith rushes in, breathless.)*

SIR. C.—Hallo!

ALP.—Qui vive?

MR. S.—Humph! humph! I've had a pretty—Oh! lord—why *(to Sir Charles.)* Who are you?

SIR C.—Sir Charles Careless—very much at your service.

MR. S.—What then, you are not—

SIR C.—Not at all, I assure you.

MR. S.—And pray, sir, who are you?

ALP.—Le Capitaine Alphonse, à votre service monsieur.

MR. S—Then you are not—

ALP.—Point du tout, monsieur, j'en vous assure.

MR. S.—Humph! you seem more of a mind than you did just now, at all events. Gad! I thought—

SER.—(*without*) Help! murder! à moi! à moi (*enter Seraphine, screaming, followed by waiters, maids, &c.*)

SER. Where is he?—where—(*sees Arthur.*) Oh! gracious, what have I done?

MR. S.—Humph! Done indeed—

SER. —Oh! uncle, I was so frightened; they told me the two gentlemen had gone out to kill each other, and that you—

MR. S.—Umph! Well, it's all right now!—Now, young gentleman (*to Arthur, who has sidled round to Seraphine's side.*) What do you—

AR.—Nothing, sir,—nothing,

MR. S.—Well then as we seem to have assembled nearly all the house, don't you think we had better adjourn the meeting?

SIR C.—One word sir before we go. This young gentleman is a suitor for your niece's hand.

MR. S.—*Is* he?

SIR C.—I can answer for his family and fortune. So if—

MR. S.—Well, if Captain what's-his-name—

ALP.—De Poivre, monsieur. Certainement—tu le veux, mignonne?

SER.—(*curtseying demurely.*) S'il vous plait monsieur le Capitaine.

SIR C.—Then you consent?

MR. S.—Well in time—in time.

AR.—In time!

SIR C.—Come, come sir, don't you be discontented. You've won a great triumph—make the most of it; and let us hope (*coming forward.*) that our good friends here will not grudge us a triumph too.

FINALE.

SER.—(AIR—*England Quadrille*, "*L'ete.*")

All our fun
Now is done;
But in bidding you good bye,
Let us hope,
That its scope,
Has been satisfactory.
If the worst comes to the worst,
(And you have some wit I trust)
You, at least, will guess my first
If you'll only TRY.

SIR C. and ALP.

Quant à nous,
De vous tous,
Nous espèrons pardon
Puis il faut,
Vous dire le mot,
Qui exprime notre second.

SIR C.—Mais le mettre en Français

ALP.—Impossible!

SIR. C. He! C'est vrai.

BOTH.—(*to Mr. Smith*) Le direz vous monsieur donc?

MR. S.—HUMPH!

SIR C. and ALP.—(*to audience.*) Vous entendez? —Bon!

CHORUS.

By all the drama's laws
'Tis you must judge our cause;
Our sole defeat
From you we meet—
Our TRIUMPH'S, your applause.

FINIS.

HASTY HALL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR HAROLD HASTY.

FRANK WILDFIRE, (*His adopted Son.*)

MRS. PRISCILLA PETTISH, (*Housekeeper.*)

CONSTABLES, SERVANTS, &c., &c.

HASTY HALL.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE.

A room in Sir Harold's house. Doors, R.C. *and* L. *Table.* R.C., *with books, papers, snuffbox, &c. Armchair* R. *of table. Enter* SIR HAROLD *and* MRS. PETTISH, C.

SIR H.—So Mrs. Pettish, more complaints eh? more—

MRS. P.—Well, and I'm sure Sir, Harold.

SIR H.—Sure—sure—of course you're sure,—so am I sure,—so is everybody sure,—everybody—

MRS. P.—Well, Sir Harold, and if every—

SIR H.—There, there, there,—don't be in a pet, woman—don't—

MRS. P.—Pet! Sir Harold—pet, indeed!

SIR H.—I say don't *be* in a pet.

MRS P.—And I'm sure, Sir Harold, I never expected the like of that from you. Which if my name is Pettish—

SIR H.--Nonsense!—stuff—fiddle-de—Pettish! eh?—yes, yes—Pettish by name, Pettish by nature.

MRS. P.—Which I've been forty years in this family, come Candlemas, and now—

SIR H.—There, there, there, you're going into a passion, you're—forty years—what in the name of—

MRS. P.—Take care, Sir Harold—take care—I'm a Christian woman, and I can't abide swearing.

SIR H.—Swearing!—eh, what, I?

MRS. P.—Well, Sir Harold, you need not be so hasty.

SIR H.—Hasty, eh? hasty! Who is calling names now, Mrs. P.?—who is—hasty! of course I am hasty,—we're all hasty,—have been these thousand years.—My father was hasty—my grandfather was hasty—my great grandfather was hasty—all my ancestors were hasty, from the days of Hengist and Horsa—*I'm* hasty—I've a right to be—its in the family.

MRS. P.—Well, Sir Harold, and aint *I* in the family?—have'nt I been forty years in the family—Was'nt my mother in the family, and my grandmother, and my great grandmother and all *my aunt's sisters*, for ought I know, from the days of Thing-um-bob and What's-his-name.—Have'nt *I* a right—

SIR H.—Have it your own way, Mrs. Pettish—have it your own way.

MRS P.—No, Sir Harold,—but I haven't it my own way,—and I can't get it my own way,—and I *shan't never* get it my own way,—so long as that young limb—

SIR H.—Take care, Mrs. Pettish,—take care.

MRS. P.—And so I do take care, Sir Harold,—and so I have taken care,—and so I will take care. Which I should like to know what's the good of a body's taking care, when that young imp of mischief—

SIR H.—I tell you I won't have the boy abused—the boy's a good boy—a very good boy.

(Sits at table, R., *and turns over papers, &c.)*

MRS. P.—That's as people think, Sir Harold. Which I suppose he is a good boy to go a worritting the laundry maids out of their lives, and pretty nigh frightening me to death, bringing them nasty rats up into my linen closet, and—

SIR H.—Eh, eh, what?—rats eh!—rats?

MRS. P.—Yes, rats, Sir Harold—in my linen closet, and then turning out his horrid Peppers and Mustards, and hunting of them all over the place, and—

SIR H.—Ha! ha! ha! funny dog—just like me.

MRS. P.—So they say Sir Harold,—more's the pity.

SIR H.—Pity, eh! what do you mean Mrs. Pettish?

MRS. P.—Mean, Sir Harold,—why that he has just turned my linen closet topsy-turvy, and sent all my stockings rolling down the kitchen stairs—

SIR H.—Ha! ha! ha!

MRS. P.—And torn my best frilled nightcap—

SIR H.—Ha! ha! ha!

MRS P.—And spoilt the Queen Anne tablecloth—

SIR H.—(*starting up.*) Eh, eh,—spoilt what?

MRS P.—Why the Queen Anne tablecloth,—I thought that would—

SIR H.—Tablecloth—Queen Anne.—What the cloth Queen Anne dined off in this house? Oh! the young villain—I'll trounce him—I'll—Ill.—Where is the young—spoiled the—I'll—

(*Whistle within "I care for nobody."*)

MRS. P.—There he is, Sir Harold.

SIR H.—Whistling too, *whistling*, —I'll whistle him—(*calling.*) here you sir,—you, Frank I say!

Enter Frank.)

FR.—All right, uncle. Hallo! what's the row?

SIR H.—Come, you young dog, I'll—

FR.—Oh! you have been telling tales, eh, Mrs. P?

MRS. P.—Mrs. P. indeed, *Impertence*!!!

SIR H.—Silence, Mrs. P.—Come here sir, what do you mean by these goings on?

FR.—Goings on sir? What—

SIR H. —Yes, goings on, sir—spoiling my—

FR.—I didn't spoil it.

MRS P.—Not spoil—

SIR. H.—Silence! Not spoil—not—don't talk to me—not spoil—not—Who the deuce did then, I should like to know?

FR.—Why *she* did.

MRS. P.—Me? me?

SIR H.—Silence! (*to Frank*) What do you mean?

MRS. P.—Aye, what do—

SIR H.—Silence!!!

FR.—Why, did'nt you jump on the table and upset all the ink? and—

MRS. P.—And wasn't it your nasty Peppers and—

FR.—They're not nasty.

MRS. P.—And Mustards that—

FR.—They're *not*—

SIR H.—Silence! both of you, do you want to—Go to your room sir, and do'nt stir out of it for a week.

FR.—I won't—I won't go. I'll run away.

MRS. P.—You'll—

SIR H.—You'll—

FR.—I'll enlist. I wont be bullied.

MRS P.—Bullied!

SIR H.—Bullied! you young—

FR.—Give me a commission!

SIR H.—Commission! I'll—

MRS. P.—Commission—

FR.—Yes, com—

SIR H.—Silence! both of you.

FR.—I'll enlist.

MRS. P.—You'll be hanged.

SIR H.—I shall go crazy. Silence! get out of the room, both of you.

FR.—I'll—

MRS. P.—You'll—

SIR H.—Out of the room—out of—

(Exit driving them out.)

END OF ACT I.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE.

As in Act 1. *Sir H. locking door,* L.

FR.—(*within, battering at the door*) Let me out!

SIR H.—*While he is speaking Frank continues at frequent intervals battering the door and calling out "Let me out.")*

So you young dog, you'll—(*Frank*) no, no, my young gentle—(*Frank*) Humph! not so very *gentle* either, (*Frank*) I'll teach you to—(*Frank*) to turn the house upside down. (*Frank*) Be quiet sir, I am going to finish my accounts, (*Frank*) quiet sir! (*sits at table* R.) Let me see, (*Frank*) quiet! Rogers £100. There's the—(*shows note and places it on table.*) Then 96 (*Frank*) quiet sir! 96 and 18 are—(*Frank*) Will you be quiet sir? you'll spoil that door.

FR.— (*within*) I will — I'll kick the panel through—I'll—

SIR H.—You will, will you? we'll see about that, young gentleman. (*Exit, R. Frank continues knocking and at length breaks open door, and enters.*)

FR.—He'll lock me up for a week, will he? not in that room at all events. I wont bear it—I'll go and enlist, that I will. I wont be treated like a baby any longer. I'll do a bit of mischief though, before I go. (*crosses to table,* R.) Let us see.—Ah! what is this? a hundred pound note! Oh! won't I serve him a trick! (*lights a match*) Now for it! No, stop,—that's a little too much. I'll hide it somewhere,—in this snuff-box,—no, he'll find it directly. One of the books—(*takes up books*) The Peerage,—Sir H. H. of H—Hengist and Horsa.—No, he reads that every morning. Cookery book, Burns' Justice, Action of False Imprisonment.—That's it,—he wanted to lock *me* up, did he?—Good-bye old room! I shall not see you again. Good-bye Nunkey, I,—I. Pshaw! I,—I wont stand it any longer. (*exit,* C. *Enter Sir H.,* R.)

SIR H.—Now you young dog, I'll—hallo! gone!

stole away! what the deuce! my dressing room door too, smashed all to bits, and,—here! hallo! somebody! Mrs. Pettish! Mrs.—

MRS. P.—Good gracious! Sir Harold, whatever is the matter?

SIR H.—Matter! every thing is the matter! rebellion is the matter! housebreaking!

MRS. P.—Housebreaking! rebellion! help!!! murder!!!

SIR H.—Hold your tongue, you old noodle.

MRS P.—Noodle indeed!

SIR H.—Silence! I say. There's that precious boy!

MRS. P.—Boy, Master Frank?

SIR H.—Yes, Master—

MRS. P.—Oh good gracious! Sir Harold, what has happened to him?

SIR H.—Happened! he's off.

MRS P.—Off!

SIR H.—Yes, off! and—

MRS. P.—Where? when? how?

SIR H.—Why here, now, through that door, Mrs. P.; but I'll—I'll disinherit him. I'll cut him off with a—

MRS P.—No you won't Sir Harold.

SIR H.—Zounds! woman, I'll cut him off *without* a—

MRS. P.—Ah! poor lamb! I'll be bound he's been and cut himself off without a—

SIR H.—Of course he has, just like him, no thought,—as hasty as—humph! hasty eh! I'll never forgive him. I'll never see him again.

MRS. P.—(*sobbing*) No, that you won't. Poor dear child; he'll be starved to death.

SIR H.—Pooh! nonsense! starved! What the deuce should the boy starve for? (*aside*) I'll—I'll send him, (*looking among the papers.*) I'll send him that £100, just to let him know I've done with him. Eh? what? hallo! I'll swear I left it there. Why, why—Zounds!

MRS. P.—Well, Sir Harold, well?

SIR H.—The note, Mrs. Pettish, the note!

MRS. P.—What note Sir Harold?

SIR H—The £100 note that Rogers paid this morning for his rent—I put it here.

MRS P.—Well, Sir Harold?

SIR H.—But it is not at all well, it is gone Mrs.—

MRS. P.—Gone sir?

SIR H.—I'll swear I left it on this table.

MRS. P.—*I* have'nt taken it Sir Harold.

SIR H.—Taken it! you! no, no, taken! eh! what? can it? it must be. That boy; he was here but now. Oh Frank!

MRS. P.—Master Frank, sir? what—

SIR H.—(*abstractedly*) Yes, yes, it must be he.

MRS. P.—Not a bit, sir. I'll swear—

SIR H.—Don't talk about swearing, woman.—Oh Frank! Frank!

MRS. P.—You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Sir

SIR H.—I,—I—

MRS. P.—Yes sir. That poor boy—

SIR H.—Don't talk to me. (*aside*) I can't believe it.

MRS. P.—I tell you, Sir—

SIR H.—Don't contradict me, Mrs. Pettish.—I'll, I'll—

MRS. P.—A poor innocent!

SIR H.—Innocent! innocent! (*aside*) Oh she'll make me believe it. (*aloud*) Innocent! Mrs. P., I've a great mind to—

MRS. P.—To what, Sir Harold?

SIR H.—To have him taken up, Mrs. P.

MRS. P.—Sir Harold!

SIR H.—And committed to gaol, Mrs. P.

MRS. P.—Sir Har—

SIR H.—And, and, and—

MRS. P.—You daren't do it, Sir Harold.

SIR H.—Daren't! I!

MRS. P.—No, sir.

SIR H.—Oh! she'll drive me crazy. Daren't! Now I just will. Here! John! (*going*)

MRS. P.—(*following*) Sir Har—

SIR H.—Thomas! William! Robert! send the constables! send— (*exit*, C.)

MRS. P.—Sir Harold! Sir Harold! (*exit, C.*)

END OF ACT II.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE—*As in Act I.*

SIR H.—I am an old fool—I know I am. Confound this temper of mine, she knows I cannot bear contradiction. Why did she provoke me to do it? And I would have screened him still—I would—pray heaven, they may not take him. (*enter Mrs. Pettish.*)

MRS. P.—Well Sir Harold, I hope you're satisfied—they've caught him, poor boy.

SIR H.—Caught him—Frank!

MRS. P—Aye, aye, that's the way—you're sorry for it now.

SIR H.—Sorry!—I—

MRS. P.—Oh yes, its very well to brazen it out—poor lamb!

SIR H.—Don't talk to me in that way Mrs. Pettish, I won't bear it. I'm a magistrate, and my duty—

MRS. P.—A magistrate! Oh, yes, a pretty—

SIR H.—Silence, Mrs. Pettish—where is the criminal?

MRS. P.—Criminal! No more a criminal than I am, I'll stake my—

SIR H.—Silence! woman. Hallo! there. Constables, bring in the prisoner. A pretty thing *(enter constables with servants and Frank.)* if I am to be dictated to— *(aside.)* Oh! Frank! Frank!

FR.—Uncle, what is this?

MRS. P.—Ah! you may well ask; a pretty—

SIR H.—Silence! woman.

FR.—With what crime am I charged, sir?

SIR H.—Crime—crime—

MRS. P.—Crime, Master Frank! Why—

SIR H.—Silence! Mrs.—

MRS. P.—No, sir—I won't be silent! *(to Frank)* You are accused—

SIR H.—You are accused of nothing.

MRS. P.—Stealing a £100 note!

FR.—£100 note! Its all—

SIR H.—Silence! both of you.

FR.—Its a mistake—its—

MRS. P.—Of course it is.

SIR H.—Leave the room, Mrs. Pettish.

MRS. P.—No, sir, not while that innocent—

SIR H.—Leave the—

FR.—But the note!

SIR H.—I won't hear anything about the note.

FR.—But I can prove—

SIR H.—You shant prove anything.

MRS. P.— Of course, he can prove—

SIR H.—Prove, prove,—you'll drive me crazy. Come then Mrs. Pettish, as you are so—you *shall* prove,—here—(*snatching book from table.*)

MRS. P.—Me, Sir Harold?

SIR H. —Yes, you, here—take the book.

MRS. P.—I have no evidence—

SIR H.—Take the book, I say,—(*forcing it into her hand.*) now, the evidence that you shall give—

MRS. P.—Why—why, this ain't a Testament.

SIR H.—Not a—pshaw! (*dashes book to the ground a paper falls out.*)

FR.—Stop!

SIR H.—Stop! eh! what—

FR.—You, yourself, Sir Harold, have borne testimony in my favour.

SIR H.—What do you mean?

FR—(*pointing to the paper*) See there!

SIR H.—There! eh!— (*picking up paper*) The note by Jupiter!

FR.—Now sir, am I innocent?

SIR H.—Innocent!—my dear boy! (*embrace*) it was all that—she would—

MRS. P.—Me! Sir Harold, me!

SIR H.—Silence! or I shall be off again. Well, Frank; you'll forgive your old uncle?

FR.—And you'll forgive me, uncle, before I go?

MRS. P.—Go!—go!

SIR H.—Go!—what do you mean?

SIL.—Yes, sir; this young gentleman belongs to me now.

MRS. P.—Belongs to—

SIR P.—Belongs to you!

SIL.—Yes, sir; he must come with me.

FR.—Indeed, uncle!—

SIR P.—Silence! sir. And you, sir, (*to Serjeant*) [illegible] with you.

SIL.—Then I appeal to all present in the [illegible] name.

SIR P.—Appeal! The man is mad.—Appeal [illegible]

SER.—[illegible] Tion!—Right face!—(*all face*) [illegible] Eyes front!

ALL.—Phew!!!

SIL.—(*coming forward* L.) I appeal—

SIR H.—(*coming forward* L. C.) Hold your tongue sir—so do I.

FR.—(*coming forward* R. C.) And I.

MRS. P.—(*coming forward* R.) And I.

SER.—Well, well; it is very easy to pay for a substitute, only the old gentleman is so TESTY.

SIR P.—Zounds! sir, Testy! I!—well, well—I won't be in a passion if I can help it. There, sir; find a substitute, and I'll find the MONEY!

FR.—That's a dear, good uncle. And now that all is happily settled, I hope (*to audience*) that our good friends here will not refuse us their favorable TESTIMONY.

FINIS.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

SER.—Yes, sir; this young gentleman belongs to us now.

MRS. P.—Belongs to—

SIR H.—Belongs to you!

SER.—Yes, sir; he must come with me.

FR.—Indeed, uncle!—

SIR H.—Silence! sir. And you sir, (*to Sergeant*) get out with you.

SER.—Then I appeal to all present in the Queen's name.

SIR H.—Appeal! The man is mad.—Appeal to whom?

SER.—(*briskly.*) 'Tion!—Right face!—(*all face the audience.*) Eyes front!

ALL.—Phew!!!

SER.—(*coming forward* L.) I appeal—

SIR H.—(*coming forward* L. C.) Hold your tongue, sir—so do I.

FR.—(*coming forward* R. C.) And I.

MRS. P.—(*coming forward* R.) And I.

SER.—Well, well; it is very easy to pay for a substitute, only the old gentleman is so TESTY.

SIR H.—Zounds! sir, Testy! I!—well, well, —I won't be in a passion if I can help it. There, sir; find a substitute, and I'll find the MONEY!

FR.—That's a dear, good uncle. And now that all is happily settled, I hope (*to audience*) that our good friends here will not refuse us their favorable TESTIMONY.

FINIS.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CHOW-DER-DOW. . King of Drowsy-Land.

ROSARIO . . . . Prince of the Wakeful Isles.

SNIP . . . . }
SNAP . . . . } Lords in waiting.
SNORUM. . . . }

BIBULORUM . . . House-steward.

PUZZLEORUM . . . Grand chamberlain.

TRISTAM . . . . Page to Ganderdine.

BASTO . . . . . Pantry boy.

GUARDS, &c.

GANDERDINE. . . . Queen of Drowsy-Land.

SOMNOLINA . . . Princess Royal.

NINNA-NONNA . . Maid of honour to Ganderdine.

HUMPY-DUMPY . . Somnolina's nurse.

FLIP }
FLAP } . . . . Ladies in waiting.
FLOP }

COOK.

ABBARA-DABBARA-KICKARA-KAX, An old woman.

TIDDLEDEWINK }
HOPPLETEECHOO } Her grandchildren.
TIPPETYWHACK }
RUMBLETITHUMP }

FAIRY.

ATTENDANT SPIRITS.

PROLOGUE.

Who hath not heard
Of the talking bird,
  Or the wonderful lamp of Aladdin?
Hath not smiled at the joke,
When the sleeper awoke,
  Or gone out with Sinbad a gadding?

Who hath not laughed
At Puss's craft,
  Or bade unto Bluebeard defiance?
Or shook with affright,
And screamed with delight,
  When Jack overcame the Giants?

But never as yet,
Hath a story been writ;—
  (And I challenge the world to confute me)
A story so rare,
As was fit to compare,
  With the tale of the Sleeping Beauty!

To this tale, as you'll find,
A Charade we have joined,
  Tho' the same was by no means easy;
And if the Charade
Should appear to you hard,
  At least, may the Story please ye.

We'll plunge, if you please,
In medias res,
  Nor at the commencement linger;
And open our play,
On the morn of the day,
  When the Princess pricks her finger.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

FIRST PART.

SCENE.

The inside of an old Hut in a Forest. ABBARA-DABBARA-KICKARA-KAX *seated at a spinning-wheel. In the foreground the four children at work.*

Song and Chorus.

TIDDLE-DE-WINK.

Merrily whirls the spinning-wheel
That earns for the Granny her daily meal.
Round it goes with a merry whir,
Louder than pussy herself can purr!

CHORUS.

Abbara-dabbara-kickara-kax,
Long live the Granny that spins the flax:
She spins the flax,
And she pays no tax—
Abbara-dabbara-kickara-kax!

HOPPLE-TEE-CHOO.

See how quickly the yarn runs out—
See how the spindle dances about!
Nimbly it glances in Granny's hand—
The only spindle in all the land.
Abbara-dabbara, &c.

TIPPETY-WHACK.

Search the country thro' and thro'—
I'll bet you a groat, and I'll bet you two,
Tho' the cleverest man in the land you see,
That Granny is cleverer far than he.

Abbara-dabbara, &c.

RUMBLE-TI-THUMP.

Granny can brew. and Granny can bake—
Granny can make both pudding and cake?
She can cut out beautiful paper-flowers,—
Never was Granny so clever as ours!

Abbara-dabbara, &c.

ABBARA.

The yarn's all spun, and the job is done—
And off to town must Granny be gone.
She must off and away, without delay,
For to-day, as you know, is market day.
If Granny forgot to market to go,
There'd be no supper, oh no, oh no!
Tiddle-de-wink!

TIDDLE-DE-WINK.

Here, Granny, here.

ABBARA.

Have you reeled off the yarn, my pretty dear?

TIDDLE-DE-WINK.

Yes, Granny, yes—I've reeled it all
Carefully off in a handsome ball.
Of all the threads that Granny had spun,
I havn't broken a single one.

ABBARA.

Hopple-tee-choo, my chuck, my chuck,
Have you packed the basket, my dainty duck?

HOPPLE-TEE-CHOO.

Yes, Granny, yes, it's ready to go—
I've laid the hanks in a tidy row;
All covered with paper of whitey brown,
Ready for Granny to take to town,

ABBARA.

Tippety-whack, my child so good,
Have you dusted your Granny's cloak and hood?

TIPPETY-WHACK.

Yes, Granny, yes,—and I will assert,
There's not upon either a speck of dirt;
And I've carefully polished your Sunday shoes—
You may see your face therein, if you choose!

ABBARA.

Rumble-ti-thump, my joy, my joy;
Is the donkey ready, my darling boy?

RUMBLE-TI-THUMP.

Yes, Granny, yes, to the gate he's tied,
With his panniers hanging on either side;
And his mane and his tail combed nicely down,
Ready with Granny to go to town!

ABBARA.

There's good children, as good as gold—
Never is Granny obliged to scold.

You shall have a good supper, your pains to requite,
When Granny comes home from market to-night.
Of broth of lizards a good pint stoup!
And a capital basin of spider soup.

(*The children clap their hands and dance about for joy. Abbara puts on her bonnet and prepares to go out.*)

ABBARA.

Now, good children, the youngest three,
Put on your bonnets and come with me.
For fear you should take to idle tricks,
You shall stay in the forest and pick up sticks.
Rumble-ti-thump in the hut shall stay,
See that nobody enters while I'm away;
If any should enter—the luckless wight,
We should all be ruined outright! outright!
For, as all the world doth know,
Nearly seventeen years ago,
All the spindles, in all the land,
Were broken and burnt by the king's command.
And if of a spindle you went in quest—
North and south, and east, and west—
One, and one alone, you'd see,
And that's the one that belongs to me.
And in that case, sure as I was born,
I should be hanged to-morrow morn!

(*Exeunt* Ab., Tip., Hop., *and* Tid. Rum. *seats himself in a corner.* Air—(*diminuendo.*)—"All a nodding." *He gradually drops asleep. A pause. Then enter the* Princess *running;* Hum. *following.*)

HUMPY-DUMPY.

Stop, naughty girl, stop Somnolina, stop!
I'm quite exhausted—poof! I'm fit to drop!

You naughty child to lead me such a chase—

PRINCESS.

Oh, nursey Humpy, what a funny place!
What strange old cupboards! and what tiny chairs!
And four such funny little beds, upstairs!
And only see the roof! oh, deary me!
Look at the cobwebs!—did you ever see!

HUMPY (*indignantly.*)

See them, indeed!—they'd take a month a cleaning!
A nice place for a princess to be seen in!
You naughty child to vex your nursey so!—
What will your Pa say, I should like to know!
You'll catch it finely for this foolish antic;—
As for your Ma—she'll more than half be frantic!
Do you remember that fine autumn eve,
When you went out a nutting without leave;
You were locked up a fortnight in the garret,—
No fruit, no cake, no lap-dog, and no parrot!
Nothing to see all day, but bricks and mortar—
Nothing to eat and drink, but bread and water!
As sure as fate, he'll lock you in the Keep—

PRINCESS (*sees Rumble.*)

Oh, Nursey, look! a little boy asleep!
My, what a mouth! what ears! and oh good lack!
See what a funny hump upon his back!

HUMPY (*alarmed.*)

Ads mercy! child—take care he doesn't wake!
There, don't disturb him—don't for pity's sake!

It's not a boy—it's not—by all that's frightful!
It's a young goblin—cross and fierce, and spiteful!
He'll hunt and tear us till we've not a rag on!
Or else he'll change into a fiery dragon,
And scratch and bite—(*taking hold of the Princess's arm.*)
—ads mercy! come away!
There, leave him, lovey—do'ey leave him, pray!

PRINCESS (*patting Humpy on the back.*)

Well, so I will—there! it's a good old Humpy!
Altho', perhaps, it *is* a little grumpy!
And tho' it's getting now a little old,
And now and then a trifle apt to scold,
And rather slow, and very, *very* fat!
Yet it's a good old Humpy for all that!
And shan't be teazed. But what can this be Nursey?
(she sees the spindle on the ground and takes it up.)
Whatever's this?

HUMPY.

A gemini!—a mercy!
A spindle, as I live—I shall go wild!
Drop it this moment, you mischeevious child!

PRINCESS.

Why, what's all this? I see no mischief in it!

HUMPY.

Nay, then I'll come and make you Miss, this minute!
(She stumbles over RUM. *He starts up in a fright.)*
Oh, goodness, gracious me! the imp's awake!
Thieves, fire, and murder!—run for mercy's sake!

PRINCESS (*alarmed.*)

(*She runs off one way,* RUM. *runs off the other.*)

Stop, Nursey, stop, I say, I'm coming too!
Don't leave me, pray!—whatever shall I do?
Oh, I'm so frightened, I can hardly stand—
There, now, I've run the thing into my hand!

(*A gong sounds. Enter* FAIRY.)

What's this?—a sudden mist comes o'er mine eye!
My brain swims round!—I faint!—I sink!—I die!

(*she falls back in a swoon. Fairy comes forward.*)

FAIRY.

The destined hour has come!—the fatal spell,
Pronounced of old, has worked its end too well!
Daughter of earth, to whom hath been assigned
A lot beyond the fortunes of thy kind,
I may not alter the decrees of fate,
Thy heavy doom I can but mitigate.
A hundred years attendant sprites shall shed
The dews of sleep around thy golden bed.
Time shall not tame those eyes so darkly blue!
Nor rob one ringlet of its glossy hue!
In peerless beauty as thou now dost close
Thy youthful eyelids for their long repose;
By that long slumber, all unaltered then,
In peerless beauty shalt thou wake again!

(*the attendant Spirits enter, bearing a couch of gold.*)

Bear the Princess lightly hence,
To her father's Castled Keep;
Guarded there by magic fence,
She shall sleep her charmed sleep.

There, on couch of gold reclining
Every pulse of life shall cease,
Till the hundredth summer shining,
Brings the moment of release.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

SECOND PART.

SCENE. *The Hall of C.'s Palace. Raised platform,* C., CHOW. *seated on throne. Behind, and on each side,* FLIP, FLAP, FLOP, SNIP, SNAP, *and* SNOR.; R. *of throne,* PUZ.; BIB. *seated at table,* L., *with pens, ink, and paper. Foreground,* R., COOK *and* BASTO *preparing dinner;* NIN., L., *working at a gown ridiculously covered with flounces;* TRIB. *leaning over her chair.*

Song & Chorus—air 'Duncan Grey.'

Chowderdow's a mighty King!
  Hail mighty Chowderdow!
All his loyal subjects sing
  Hail mighty Chowderdow!
If his royal wrath should wake,
All the land begins to shake,
And the very fishes quake,
  Hail mighty Chowderdow!

Wisest he of mortal men!
  Oh mighty Chowderdow!
He's as wise as any ten!
  Oh mighty Chowderdow!
He knows two and two make four,
Thinks that twenty are a score,
And that behind is not before,
  Oh mighty Chowderdow!

Never was a King like him,
  Like mighty Chowderdow,
To keep his folk in proper trim,
  Oh mighty Chowderdow!
If they are in quiet cue,
Chowderdow is quiet too,
If they're not, he hangs a few,
  Oh mighty Chowderdow!

CHOW-DER-DOW.

Thanks, loyal subjects for your song and chorus,
The which was worthy to be sung before us,
On this, our festal day—for be it known,
This is our daughter's birthday, and our own.
Highly you laud our wisdom, we confess,
But we conceive we do *not* rule amiss!
And now to work—for we would have you ply
Your various tasks beneath our royal eye!
For though we're certain you're not given to shirking,
We're yet *more* certain when we *see* you working!
And first, good Bibulo, our trusty steward,
Why art thou sitting there, like turkey skewer'd?

BIBULORUM.

Great King, whose fame all other kings surmounts,
Your slave is making out your slave's accounts!
Reckoning the wages of the groom and porter,
And all th' expenses of the current quarter.

CHOW-DER-DOW.

Thou'rt well employed—
(*to Ninna.*) And thou, fair Ninna-Nonna,
Maid of all work, but also maid of honour—
Gem of our court, most precious and most rare,
Pri'thee, good girl, what art thou stitching there?

NINNA-NONNA.

So please you, Sire, Her Majesty went out
Last night to Count Punctilio's ball and rout,—
And there she noticed on the Countess' gown
Only four flounces fewer than her own.

Straightway she bade me, when the ball was o'er,
Add to her gown a dozen flounces more!
For 'twas her bounden duty, said her Grace,
To teach her subjects how to know their place!

CHOW-DER-DOW.

'Twas wisely said!—but, soft! whom have we there,
Half hid behind Miss Ninna-Nonna's chair?
The Page we do protest! young Sir, how now!
Thou dost not work at mending tucks, I trow!

TRISTAM.

Great King, to speak the truth, and not abridge it,
Her Grace, the Queen, was in a grievous fidget!
And she did make her royal affidavit
She'd have the gown as soon as she could have it!
She said, too, 'Nonna was an idle hussey,
Who loved to romp, but loved not to be busy
And so, distrustful of her maid of honour,
She sent me here to keep an eye upon her.

CHOW-DER-DOW. (*after a pause.*)

Thy gracious mistress, it my fancy striketh,
Ruleth her household even as she liketh.
If ought we alter, tho' the veriest tittle,
It doth excite thy mistress not a little!
Do, therefore, as she bade thee, worthy Tristam,
But we do not commend our Consort's wisdom.
For tho' thy presence doubtlessly supplies
Full occupation for her ears and eyes;
Yet, in her thoughts we doubt, while thou art there,
Our Consort's gown will have but scanty share!

And last, our Cook, who art thyself an host,
Queen undisputed of the boiled and roast!
Much dost thou toil, but gettest none the thinner,
Tell us, good Cook, what have we got for dinner?

COOK.

O King, of all the earth and half the sky,
Custards, great Monarch, and an apple pie
And in due honour of this festal morn,
Whereon you condescended to be born,
We are preparing for your royal use,
With sage and onions stuffed, a most enormous goose!
Behold the boy whose office is to turn it, (*pointing to Basto.*)
And much I fear the idle rogue will burn it!
And, sooth to say, your slave is somewhat flustered
With whipping, now the boy, and now the custard.

CHOW-DER-DOW.

A goose saidst thou!—'tis even as we wish,
We feel the compliment, and like the dish.
A goose, with sage and onions!—have a care!
Thou and thy pantry-boy had best beware!
For by our royal beard we do avouch
If thou but roast it half a turn too much,
Him will we straight imprison in the dark hole,
And roast thyself till thou art black as charcoal!
So all men shall allow, as all men must,
Great Chow-der-dow was merciful, but just!
To business now—(*to Puzzleorum.*) what tidings, Puzzleorum,
From our loved Capital, Hicocculorum?

PUZZLEORUM (*reading from a paper.*)

Most mighty Sire, your Majesty's Police
Last night arrested—

BIBULORUM (*talking to himself.*)

—half a dozen geese,
A calf, three pigs, a load of kitchen stuff,
And one hen turkey—mem. the same was tough!

CHOW-DER-DOW.

Peace, Bibulo!—(*to Puzzleorum.*) proceed, we do entreat!

PUZZLEORUM.

Last night arrested, in the public street,
A youthful noble of your Grace's court,
Who was indulging in the noble sport
Of breaking lamps and glasses by the scores,
And wrenching knockers from your people's doors!

CHOW-DER-DOW.

What, are our subjects given so much to larking!
Give him—

BIBULORUM.

two shillings and a penny farthing—
Add ten and six and sixpence are eleven,
Total, deducting discount, two pounds seven!

CHOW-DER-DOW (*angrily.*)

Peace, Sir,—(*to Puzzleorum.*) and thou, see that our will is done!
Give him—

TRISTAM (*to Ninna-Nonna.*)

One kiss, sweet Nonna, only one!

CHOW-DER-DOW.

This is too much! remember you we rule?
We are good natured, but are not a fool!
And, if another varlet interferes,
We will amerce him of his nose and ears!
And do thou tie this lamp-destroying spark (*to Puz.*)
Unto the lamp-post when it groweth dark!
There, on the spot whereat he hath offended.
To hold a candle till the lamp is mended!
Proceed—what next?

PUZZLEORUM (*whispers Snip. Exit Snip.*)

Great Monarch, I obey.
Your faithful subjects on your natal day—
Your faithful subjects—something with an S—
(*reading with difficulty.*)
Send, to their king this dutiful address.
O, King, as wise as Jove, as brave as Mars!
Lord of the Moon, and Father of the Stars!
Thus say your people, to your people's boast—

COOK (*to Basto.*)

You idle varlet, you have spoiled the roast

CHOW-DER-DOW. (*starting up.*)

Now, by our beard and whiskers! what again!
Are we a king, and shall we speak in vain?
Let her be hanged! or—we would not be hasty—
Let her be hanged when she has done the pasty!

(*enter Snip hastily.*) SNIP.

O, gracious Sire! oh moon, and stars, and sun!
How are we lost and utterly undone!

CHOW-DER-DOW.

How now, Lord Snip, be calm, we do entreat.
Say, have our armies suffered a defeat?

SNIP.

Worse than defeat—than massacre most dire!

CHOW-DER-DOW.

What, is our royal Capital on fire?
The plague broke out?—a general infection?
Or, have our subjects risen in insurrection?

SNIP.

Worse, worse than all! oh, most disastrous day!
The Queen! the Queen is coming up this way!
And I will take mine oath before a jury,
Never was queen in such a mortal fury!

(*General consternation.*)

CHOW-DER-DOW.

The Queen! the Queen!—ho! some one lock the door!
We would be private till her wrath is o'er!

PUZZLEORUM.

It is too late! I hear her fret and fume!
She is already in the ante-room!

(*enter Ganderdine.*)

GANDERDINE.

My patience me! and here's a nice to-do!
Saw ever mortal such an oaf as you!
You lazy, stupid, idiotic thing!
You're a nice booby, ar'nt you, to be king!

CHOW-DER-DOW.

Good Ganderdine!—

GANDERDINE.

Oh! don't attempt to wheedle!
Fit to be king!—you're not fit to be beadle!
What! do we pay a nurse to mind our daughter,
Three pounds three shillings sterling by the quarter,
For you to let our daughter run about,
And her fond mother never know she's out?
D'ye hear me, oaf, your daughter's played the truant!
And who d'ye think's accountable if *you* ar'nt?
And if she finds a spindle by the way,
And pricks her finger—mark you what I say—
Then you and I and every one who hears—
Lords, lacqueys, ladies, pantry-boys, and peers
Will be enchanted for a hundred years!

ENSEMBLE.—*Air*, "Bartlemy Fair."

*(*GAND. *begins. At the beginning of the second stanza of her part,* CHOW. *strikes in with the first of his: at the beginning of his second stanza, the Chorus strikes in. As soon as* GAND. *has finished her second stanza, she begins the first again, and so they go on till the gong sounds.)*

GANDERDINE.

Was there ever such a looby,
Such a blockhead, such a booby?
Well for you, upon my life,
You've a meek and patient wife!
But you'll find yourself mistaken as I'll teach ye!

Yes, a wife of any spirit
Would requite you as you merit;
But you reckon on submission
From my easy disposition;
But you'll find yourself mistaken, as I'll teach ye!

CHOWDERDOW.

Mercy on us, Ganderdine.
Was there ever such a scene!
It's a most improper thing,
Pray remember I'm a King.
Be a reasonable woman, I beseech ye!

For it's greatly to be hoped
That our daughter's not eloped—
If she has—why, I opine,
'Tisn't any fault of mine.
Be a reasonable woman, I beseech ye!

CHORUS.

What a racket, what a rout,
What is it all about?
Pray your Majesty be quiet,
'Tis enough to breed a riot,
'Tis a wise and prudent counsel that I preach ye!

Better wait, we would conjecture,
For the nightly curtain lecture;
But in public, 'tis a rule
Not to call the King a fool!
'Tis a wise and prudent counsel that I preach ye!

(While the noise and confusion are at the highest, the gong sounds. All are instantly struck silent and motionless. The Queen is standing in an angry posture, near the throne. The

King and Courtiers in various attitudes of entreaty. BIB. *is sitting with his pen behind his ear. The* COOK *has got* BASTO *by the hair, with her hand uplifted to box his ears.* TRIS. *is kneeling to* 'NONNA, *who is turning away from him. Enter* FAIRY *and attendant spirits bearing the sleeping Princess on her couch.*)

FAIRY.

Slumber sink on every eye—
  Slumber dreamless and profound!
Drowsy spirits hovering nigh,
  Spread your dusky wings around!

Bear the Sleeping Beauty in
  To her father's castled Keep.
Here shall glide in peaceful tide,
  All her hundred years of sleep!

Time, arrest thy flowing glass!
  Time, withhold thy forward tread!
While the hundred summers pass,
  Sight and sound and sense be dead!

(During the Fairy's speech the Princess is borne in on her couch and laid at the foot of the throne. The Fairies join hands over her, and sing the following:—)

Air, "Araby's Daughter."

Sleep peacefully sleep, thro' thine ages of slumber,
  Thou favoured of Fortune, Earth's loveliest flower!
No perils shall harm thee, no sorrows encumber;
  For Fairies keep watch round their favorite's bower!
Sweet thoughts & sweet hopes with thy dreams shall be blended,
  Such dreams as the young and the spotless partake,
So sweet that thou'lt sigh that thy slumbers are ended;
  When the voice of thy lover shall bid thee awake!

END OF PART II.

THIRD PART.

SCENE.

The stage darkened. Various scenes, representing the passing of the hundred years. First, the Castle, as it appeared when the spell first took effect. Next, the Castle, half surrounded by a wood. Then the Castle almost hidden by the wood. Attempts of adventurers to force their way through the wood. Figures and groups depicting childhood, manhood, and old age. The Castle towards the close of the hundred years. Approach of the FAIRY PRINCE. *He breaks a passage through the wood.*

While these scenes are passing, the following lines are sung to low and sweet music.

PEACEFUL as a summer day
Glide the silent years away.
All the sounds of mortal life,
All its tumult, all its strife,
Idle hope and causeless fear—
Seek in vain to enter here.
And their echo faintly falls
In these slumber-haunted halls.

Fairy's favorite, all around
By oblivion's chains are bound.
Mighty spells their senses seal,
No sweet visions o'er them steal.
Thou alone, the favored child,
On whose birth the Genie smiled—
On thy sleep rich fancies gleam—
From the Fairy Land of Dream,
Wide its Golden Gates are thrown—
Free to thee, and thee alone!

Enter there and take thy pleasure—
There enjoyment knows no measure,
Rove its sapphire courts among,
List its bursts of magic song!
Twine in its immortal bowers
Wreaths of amaranthine flowers!
Pale beside whose lustre were
Flowers that earthly gardens bear!

There before thine eyes shall pass—
As across the dank morass
Flit the vapours idly curled—
Shadows of the outer world.
Types of Childhood, Youth, and Age,
Each in turn thy thought engage.
In the scenes thine eyes behold
All the tale of life is told.

"False and hollow" dost thou say?
Human things are vain as they!
Dost thou deem they quickly fly,
Born but now, and now to die?
When in age thy glance is cast
Over seventy summers past,
They to thee as fleet will seem
As the changes of a dream!

Swifter now the moments fly!
Now the waking hour is nigh,
See the Fairy Prince appear,
Near he comes and ever near.
Such his youthful beauty seems,
As might haunt a maiden's dreams!
Hark he treads th' enchanted ground!
Guardian Genie hover round!
Lo, he bursts the magic fence!
Hence! avaunt ye shadows hence!

(*Enter Fairy before the curtain*)

FAIRY.

The hundred years are hastening to their close,
E'en as we pause the last few moments wane.
Near and more near the hour of waking grows,
Ordained by Fate to burst the magic chain.
Soon shall the sleepers start from their repose,
Life shall rekindle in the torpid vein,
And mirth and merriment resound again
Thro' these enchanted halls of dreary state,
For many a rolling year so strangely desolate.

A hundred years attendant Sprites have kept
Their sleepless watch around the Golden Bed,
In the still chamber where the Princess slept,
A hundred years the dews of sleep have shed,
Like lengthening shadows on the wall have crept
The weary hours, and years on years have sped
Their measured round, but silent as the dead.
The muffled step of Time hath passed so light,
No print upon the sands hath marked his noiseless flight.

But hark, a distant step!—I must not stay—
It is the expected Guest—he turns this way.
He comes to break the spell: how strange once more
A human footstep echoes on the floor!

(Exit. The scene opens. The characters are discovered as at the end of Part II; all remaining motionless in their places. Enter Rosario.)

ROSARIO.

Hallo! I say good folks, does no one hear?
House, house, hallo!—well, this is mighty queer.

The guards are all asleep before the gate—
The porter snoozing in his chair of state—
The grooms as fast as churches in the stable—
Oh there's the steward sitting at his table! *(sees Bib.)*
As fast asleep, I vow, as any top. *(shakes him)*
Hallo! I say, old gentleman, wake up.
Wake him who can! *(sees the King, takes off his hat and bows)*
Your humble servant sir,
I crave—*(aside)* 'tis odd his Highness does not stir,
I crave your pardon for this early call—
One might as well be talking to the wall!
(sees the Princess)
But hold, what have we here? *(approaches her couch)*
—can this be sleep?
I'm lost, amazed, I'm floundered in a heap!
What glossy locks! with what enchanting grace
The rose and lily mingle in her face!
Her eyes are closed in gentle slumber; but
What eyes they *would* be if they were not shut!
If thou'rt of flesh and blood, whate'er betide,
Loveliest of maids, I'll woo thee for my bride.
I'll wed thee, spite of demon or of elf:
If thou'rt of wax, I'll turn to wax myself!
Stiff as a model of Voltaire or Rousseau,
Made and exhibited by Madame Tussaud!

(He kneels and kisses her hand. The gong sounds, and the PRINCESS *starts up. All resume their occupations as in Part 2. The song* 'Was there ever such a looby' *is sung through again.)*

ROSARIO *(stopping his ears.)*

How now good folks, we pray you to be quiet,
What hideous hubbub! what distracting riot!

If this be your employment when awake,
Pray go to sleep again for pity's sake.

CHOW-DER-DOW.

Young sir, who thus our silence dost implore,
Whom, as we think, we never saw before,
We do not doubt your observations true are —
But pray inform us who the dickens you are.

ROSARIO *(leading the Princess forward.)*

Great King, for such your more than royal mien
Proclaims your rank, and you his gracious Queen,
I am Rosario of the Wakeful Isles.
Clothe then your faces with approving smiles.
A humble suitor at your feet I bow
For this the fairest gift you can bestow.

CHOW-DER-DOW.

This is too much, nor shall unpunished go,
What! shall a youth whom nobody doth know,
Thus uninvited on our natal day:
Into our very presence force his way,
And make our royal dignity his jest,
Call in the guard there, put him in arrest!

PRINCESS.

O pray, papa, be lenient if you can,
Dont hurt him, please, he's such a charming man.

CHOW-DER-DOW.

Go to, our daughter, prithee hold thy tongue.
Our dignity demands that he be hung.

And for thy suitors, we will guarantee,
A hundred Princes twice as smart as he!
Wherefore once more call in the guard, we say,
'Tis not our fashion to endure delay,
(As SNIP *is about to summon the guard, the Fairy enters.)*

FAIRY.

Hold, Monarch, hold! nor thus your hands imbrue
In guiltless blood—the Prince's tale is true.
You deem this morn your fiftieth natal day—
A hundred years since then have passed away,
Upon that morn, so Destiny had planned,
The spindle's point transfixed your daughter's hand.
Instant, obedient to the potent spell,
On every eye the magic slumber fell.
And you, great king, and every one who hears,
Have all been sleeping for a hundred years.

(All stand staring at one another in mute amazement. After a pause the Queen speaks.)

GANDERDINE.

A hundred years! how strange it all appears,
Have I been speechless for a hundred years?

COOK.

A hundred years a single meal to dress!
The meat will be well roasted, as I guess!

TRISTAM *(to Ninna-Nonna.)*

A hundred years! hearest thou that, my sweet?
A hundred years I've knelt me at thy feet!
Then come what may, thou never canst deny;
None e'er was constant half so long as I!

NINNA-NONNA.

Nay, nay, Sir Page, full credit shalt thou reap,
I own thou hast been constant—in thy sleep!
And it is well that form thy sleep should take,
For never we'rt thou constant when awake!

BIBULO (*rubbing his hands*)

A hundred years! we'll profit by it, we will—
I trow we need not pay the butcher's bill.
He cannot possibly be living yet,
And if he's dead he cannot claim the debt.
But if his heirs should sue us, or relations,
We'll plead the statute then of limitations!

CHOW-DER-DOW.

Peace, all! (*to Fairy.*)
Great Spirit, for thy potent aid,
Accept our grateful thanks sincerely paid.
(*to Rosario.*)
To thee, young Prince, some just amends we owe,
Take then the best amends we can bestow.
(*He gives him the Princess's hand.*)
(*to Ganderdine.*)
And last, our Queen—'tis true, as it appears
Thou hast been silent for a hundred years!
Let this privation grieve thee not, we pray,
But ope thy mouth, and give thy tongue its way.
And in six months, or we conjecture dully,
Thou'lt have indemnified thyself most fully!
Now for a joyful strain, and we will shew,
How we were wont to sing a hundred years ago.

FINALE.—(*Air* "*De Boatman Dance.*")

Our Prince is brave, our Prince is young,
Our Prince is the theme of every tongue,
There is'nt another youth in all the land
That would worthy be of the Princess' hand.
Dance, neighbours, dance!
Dance, neighbours, dance!
Dance all night, till the broad daylight,
And keep up the ball in the morning.
Ro-Ro-sario
Health to the Prince Rosario!
Ro-Ro-, &c.

Our King is great, our King is grand,
Our King is the wisest in all the land,
All the folk in the world they cannot but allow
There never was a King like Chowderdow.
Shout, neighbours, shout,
Shout, neighbours, shout,
Plaudits raise to the Monarch's praise,
Who reigns in the hearts of his people.
Chow-Chow-Chowderdow,
Health to the mighty Chowderdow!
Chow-Chow-, &c.

But Prince and King must alike give way
To a power that is greater far than they.
(*to the audience*)
Judges like these who shall dare contemn?
They can approve and they condemn.
Cheer, neighbours, cheer,
Cheer, neighbours, cheer,
With all your might clap your hands to-night,
And speak of us well in the morning.
Cheer, cheer, front and rear,
Gallery, Pit, and Boxes, cheer!
Cheer, cheer, &c.

[*As the Curtain drops,* CHOW. *comes forward in front of it.*]

EPILOGUE.

And last our Audience—tell me, I implore ye,
Is there a soul of all I see before me,
Our whole three acts who has both seen and heard,
Yet has not guessed the talismanic word?
If such there be, 'tis time that he were told;—
Attend then all, the secret I'll unfold.
In the first part you saw, sans all pretences,
A sudden TRANCE come o'er our daughter's senses.
And in the second, you remember well,
MUTE were we stricken by the Fairy's spell.
And lastly, when the Prince, by Genii led,
Knelt by the Sleeping Beauty's golden bed,
The kiss he gave, to press his eager suit,
Did us from lifeless forms again to life TRANSMUTE.

FINIS.